

Inspector Sue Sharp
Sue's Second Case

**Deep Under
Cover**



Story by - Brentwood
Original Concept and Art by - NimbleTail

Inspector Sue Sharp
Sue's Second Case

**Deep Under
Cover**



Story by - Brentwood
Original Concept and Art by - NimbleTail

Inspector Sue Sharp - Sue's Second Case

Deep Under Cover

The Brentwood Society

Nimbletail

<https://www.deviantart.com/thebrentwoodsociety>

2020-12-22

Inspector Sue Sharp - Sue's Second Case

[Part 1: The Assignment](#)

[Part 2: The Pet Groomer](#)

[Part 3: A Crash Course in Puppy Manners](#)

[Part 4: The Check-in](#)

[Part 5: The Kennel](#)

[Part 6: The First Day](#)

[Part 7: The Petnapping](#)

[Part 8: Sapphire](#)

[Part 9: Full Circle](#)

Part 1: The Assignment

Free time—Sue had wanted it so badly and now that she had it, she didn't want it anymore. Free time was time to think. Free time was time to drink, which only made her think more about how rotten the world was and about how she was just as rotten. Quite undersized and inexperienced with alcohol, her head was swimming already and she wasn't even quite finished with her second glass of sangria. Underneath the soft, frosted light hanging above Sue looked down at her drink, then at her phone, and then at her silver vape pen.

Frowning, she tapped the phone and stared at the glaring screen for what must have been the hundredth time that night. For a few moments she scrolled back and forth on the contact list between “Mom”, “Dad”, and Laura, her younger sister, before setting the phone back down and reaching for her vape.

What would I say to them anyway? She wondered as she took a deep drag. Oh, it's been great, Mom! Yesterday I caught some creep trying to smuggle a puppy girl out of the country. It was so lucky that I could “save” her and return her to her pervert owner, so that she could finish out her service. They even made sure to add a week onto her service period to make up for the time she lost while kidnapped. So, God damned lucky! I'm sure that she feels just like the reporters and her owner said she did, “Grateful to be home, safe and sound!”

Sue exhaled, releasing a cloud of strawberry scented vapor. It dissipated quickly, but the smell lingered. She took another drink and tried to get the images of the several puppy girls she'd “saved” since she was promoted out of her head. Their sad, tearful eyes always looked at her imploringly as they were tagged and crated by the men from the pet bureau so that they could be returned to their owners. Each time, all Sue could do was watch with a combination of sympathy, disgust, and perhaps even a little bit of curiosity, though she certainly didn't dwell on the last one.

A few minutes later her phone was back in her hand. Her thumb hovered over her sister's name.

What would she even think of me? She wondered again and returned the phone to the table.

“Excuse me, is this seat taken?” a deep, smooth voice broken into her thoughts.

Sue blinked in surprise and looked up at a tall man in his late twenties, maybe early thirties. Even as he stood just outside of the dingy circle of light surrounding Sue, she could tell that he was a handsome man. He was clean shaven with a strong, square jaw—one of her weaknesses. His dark blonde hair was in a sharp undercut and he dressed in a well-tailored blue suit, white shirt, and striped tie. Like strong jaws, well-dressed men were another one of her weaknesses.

He may have been hot, but Sue was in no mood to talk to anyone. She never was. “Yes, it's taken,” she replied flatly.

The man smiled and stepped into the light. He had a nice smile too and crystal blue eyes. “Oh, that's not what I meant. I—”

She sighed, “I don't care what you meant. Leave me alone.”

The man paused for several seconds, then shrugged, “Alright, suit yourself, Miss Sharp.” He replied nonchalantly and walked away.

Sue returned to her thoughts, but nothing really stuck. Distracted and on a slow road to drunk, it was nearly five minutes before it occurred to her that the handsome stranger knew her name. She looked around the bar anxiously, but he was already gone.

Two more glasses and a taxi ride later, Sue was back at her little apartment. As she lay down to go to bed she was suddenly overcome with loneliness. Why had she been so mean? Why was she always so mean?

This is why you're twenty-one and have never had a real boyfriend, Sue...

She sighed and rolled over onto her back with her knees up. Slowly, almost guiltily she spread her legs as she raised the hem of her nightshirt. She bit her lower lip and sighed again as she slipped her slender fingers down the smooth skin of her belly and under the elastic band of her white cotton panties. Sue tensed and raised her hips up off the bed as her finger tips made contact with her dark, soft curls. She stifled a quiet moan as if someone might hear her and nestled back into the bed as her fingers timidly teased her moistening slit.

Sue's fantasies were by most standards a bit mundane, old-fashioned and possibly even boring. It was always the same. She imagined herself a beautiful bride floating down the aisle towards her husband. As she did, her fingers became less-timid and began to slide back and forth as her breathing quickened. All eyes were on her, and for once she was the center of attention, and for the right reason. Everything was perfect, just like in a fairy tale. Then he'd carry her over the threshold and to the bedroom. Her heart was pounding as her fingers moved faster and faster and her hips began to tremble. She imagined his strong hands holding her as he unzipped the back of her wedding dress and whispered in her ear that she was his forever. Her lips parted, but no noise came out. As the dress fell from her shoulders she looked up in surprise. The usually vague shape of her fantasy husband had been replaced by the stranger from the bar.

For a moment, Sue was appalled at her own mind for going where it had gone, but that didn't stop her. She arched against her fingers and let out a whimper as an orgasm passed through her.

She lay in the dark alone, panting and thinking about the stranger. He was out of your league anyway, Sue...

The phone rang and Sue's eyes slowly opened to early morning sunlight peeking through the curtains of her bedroom window. She slipped her glasses on and squinted at the screen. It was Mr. Cross, her boss.

"H-hello?" She answered in a slightly raspy voice.

“Sue!” He began. It didn’t matter if it was sunrise, sunset, or anywhere in between, the man was always wide-awake and all-business. “I need you to come down to the office now.”

“But it’s my day off,” She replied without thinking.

“It’s cancelled. You’ve got a new assignment and you need to start today.”

Sue sighed inwardly, “Yes, sir. I’ll be there in an hour.”

Her second cup of coffee in hand, Sue stepped into Mr. Cross’ office at the city headquarters of the newly formed Federal Bureau of Pettification—Human Pet Protection Services branch—with thirteen seconds to spare. She was taken aback when she saw that Mr. Cross wasn’t alone. Sitting in one of the leather bound chairs in front of Mr. Cross’ desk was the tall, blonde, well-dressed man from the bar.

“Ah, Sue, right on time.” Mr. Cross motioned to the other seat in front of his desk.

Sue took her seat. Not wanting to make eye contact with the handsome stranger, she looked straight ahead at her boss, pausing once or twice to clean her glasses.

“Sue, I want you to meet Detective Robert Jericho—your new partner.” Sue glanced over at the man sitting to her left. He was just as casual as he was the night before. He stood up like an old-fashioned gentleman and offered his hand.

“Thank you, Mr. Cross,” he grinned. “It’s a pleasure to see you again, Miss Sharp.”

Sue felt her cheeks flush, but she managed to maintain eye contact as she shook his hand, “Yes...a pleasure.” She smiled up at him and then said to Mr. Cross, “What do you mean by partner?”

“Oh, you two have met? Good! Yes, partner...For this case you’re going to be paired with a member of the police department,” he explained.

“But I haven’t needed a partner before.” Sue wondered why she was suddenly so defensive about a job she didn’t even like.

Mr. Cross raised his hands disarmingly, “It’s an order passed down from the higher-ups. They want more cooperation with the police, and I guess they figured that there was no time like the present to start.”

Sue frowned. Robert sat back and popped a stick of fragrant mint gum into his mouth. He offered the pack to Sue and she waved it away.

“What do you mean no time like the present? What’s the assignment?” She asked.

Mr. Cross leaned back in his chair making it squeak loudly, “It’s another VIP assignment. Sue is the one who worked the Mr. Richter case,” he explained.

Robert nodded, “Yes, I read up on it. Good work by the way.”

Sue shrugged.

“Yes, she rescued that sweet little pup, Boji, from those F.E.R.A.L maniacs—freedom, equality, revolution, and liberty indeed!” Mr. Cross chuckled before he continued. “So, she’s got experience working with important figures and their pets. Well, it seems those F.E.R.A.L terrorists are up to mostly the same tricks.” Mr. Cross slid a photo of a fat, middle-aged businessman across the table. “This is Ryan Polk.”

“One of the major financial backers of the Petsitter Mark II if I’m not mistaken,” Robert spoke up.

“Very good, detective,” Mr. Cross pointed at him approvingly.

“I do my homework, sir.”

Sue felt herself bristle, and again wondered why she should have cared that he knew the man in the picture and she didn't.

“He's supported many experimental projects and has been a very vocal supporter of pro-ComPet legislation. It's not just you who's done his homework, detective. Those terrorists know all about his contributions and that's made him a target. He's received multiple death threats and yesterday, while he was on a business trip, he was injured in a bombing. Thankfully, he should make a full recovery, but it will take some time. With him being unable to return to the city, he's expressed concerns that F.E.R.A.L might attempt to liberate or harm his puppy girl, Cheesecake. She's another extended contract too, so she's probably pretty valuable to him.” He slid another photo across the table. It was of a smiling, busty, slightly chubby, honey-blonde puppy girl, in smooth, yellowish pet gear that matched her hair.

“Cute,” Robert remarked.

“Isn't she? I tell you, Mr. Polk is a lucky man!” Mr. Cross agreed. “She's currently staying at the Happy Paws Boarding Kennel, which is where Mr. Polk usually leaves her while he's away on business.”

“And you want us to watch the center or be her, what, bodyguards?” Sue asked.

Mr. Cross paused, “Something like that, yes...” He paused again. “Mr. Polk is very important to the bureau and he's asked for round-the-clock, very... close protection, so we have to oblige.”

Sue had never seen Mr. Cross take so long to get to his point. It made her nervous.

“Sue, you're going to be going into the kennel undercover, so that you can stay close to Cheesecake and keep an eye on her.”

Sue wondered why he seemed to be having trouble putting her job into words. “I think I can handle pretending to be a staff member for a few days,” she said confidently.

Mr. Cross paused again before replying, “No, no, not as a staff member. You’ll be even closer to her.”

Sue looked at him quizzically, her mind unwilling to make the connection because it was too insane.

He sighed, “You’ll be going in disguised as a puppy girl, Sue.”

It took several long moments for the words to process. “...no! Absolutely not!”

“Now, hold on, Sue. You’re our only female agent in the HPPS and Mr. Polk ordered it, so it’s not really your choice to make.”

“No, there has to be a different angle on this! I’ll resign—I’ll...” She stopped. She knew full-well that quitting wasn’t an option.

“If you do that then you’ll just end up in pet gear full time for the next two years. It’s your choice, Sue.”

Of course Sue had said, “Yes.” It wasn’t a choice at all—any more than it was when she first had to choose between working for the HPPS, or serving as a ComPet. She was numb as she’d left the office followed by Detective Jericho. She barely heard him say, “Gee, Miss Sharp, tough break. It really is...”

She shot him a glance, “And what would you know about it?”

“Nothing,” he shrugged. “I can just see that you’re really unhappy about it—I guess most girls would be, huh?”

“Unhappy about it? What was your first clue, detective?”

He spit out his gum into a wrapper and tossed it in the trash. “Jeez, and here I thought you were just an angry drunk. You’re a bitch by day and a bitch by night, aren’t you?”

“Bitch” having become common parlance didn’t soften his remark in the slightest. She stepped up to him. Even in her sensible heels he towered above her, but she was too angry to be intimidated, “You’re the one acting like a stalker! What the hell were you doing last night?”

“It’s just an exercise.”

“What?”

“An exercise and a way to break in a partner...you see I learned yesterday that you were being assigned to me—”

“Me assigned to you? I think it’s the other way around!”

“Assigned to each other, how about that? After that I did a little digging on you and found out that you hang out down at that dive every Friday night drinking yourself stupid and so I thought I’d introduce myself.”

“Digging? That still sounds like stalking to me...”

“Jesus Christ...you’re...”

“A bitch?”

“No, but you’re going to be one shortly. I guess I’ll meet up with you after they’re done with you. Adieu!” He said with a curt wave and strolled off towards the commissary.

Sue watched him go. She was fuming.

I can’t believe I have to work with such an asshole...

Part 2: The Pet Groomer

Sue stood in front of the door beneath the sign that read “Grooming Room 18.” Even though she’d been with the Human Pet Protection Service—the HPPS—for over a year, she’d never witnessed a ComPet being processed and groomed; she’d just seen the sorry end result. With a deep breath she reached for the handle and turned it. To her surprise the room wasn’t quite as horrific as she thought it would be. It actually looked a lot like a dog grooming room, which didn’t quite resemble the dark medieval torture chamber she had imagined, but then her eyes zeroed in on the metal table in the middle of the room, and more-specifically on the padded leather restraints at each corner of the table. She started to step back when from out of nowhere a tall, pretty blond woman in her mid-to-late twenties seemed to appear out of nowhere and grabbed her arm. She smiled down at Sue, while maintaining a soft grip.

“Well, you must be my ‘special’ case, Sue Sharp!” She spoke sweetly, gently, and slowly as if she were speaking to a simple-minded child—or a dog. “I’m Donna and I’ll be your groomer. Come on in!”

Sue didn’t move. God, this girl is awful handsy! She thought.

“Cat got your tongue?” Donna giggled.

Sue shook her head. “No...I—”

Donna nodded understandingly and lightly pulled Sue inside the room. “Come on, hun. I’m not gonna hurt you!”

“Hey, wait!” Sue protested. She jumped as the door closed behind her.

“Aw, are you a little nervous?” Donna asked. “Just leave everything to me. Think of this as a...spa treatment.”

A spa treatment? Sue thought incredulously. Yeah, maybe in Hell...

Donna stepped behind Sue and pulled the black blazer from her narrow shoulders and tossed it into a nearby plastic tub with Sue's name and employee ID stenciled on the side.

Sue spun around. "What are you doing?"

Donna replied in a patient voice, "It's going to be awfully difficult to get you in the gear if you're still dressed, hun."

Sue opened her mouth to protest and then closed it. It was true, even if she didn't like it. She thought about the dream she had when she was on her first case. She remembered the terror and helplessness she felt when the men in her dreams restrained her and cut away her clothes. "Fine," she said with her arms crossed, "but I don't need your help. I can undress myself."

Donna hesitated. "Well, normally when they send them to me they're already pre-plucked anyway. Go right ahead!" Donna shrugged and took a seat.

"Pre-plucked?" Sue asked.

"Oh, it's just something that one of the boys in processing says. It means that all of my clients are naked when they're brought into my little salon."

God, I can't believe I'm doing this...

Sue carefully placed her wallet and her phone in the bin, followed by her silver vape pen.

Oh, Tin Man...I'll miss you the most!

Sue carefully stepped out of her sensible heels and placed them into the plastic bin. The tile floor was cold under her stocking feet, making her shiver a bit. Immediately missing the extra height, she sighed and unbuttoned her crisp, white blouse. She shrugged out of it, revealing her padded white bra and more of her pale skin. Donna was watching her intently from her chair as she idly twirled her long blonde hair.

"What?" Sue snapped, narrowing her eyes.

“Oh, nothing,” Donna replied while not averting her gaze.

Dyke, Sue thought as she laid her blouse carefully over her blazer. She looked over at the groomer again. It wasn't a lustful look. Sue felt like Donna was measuring her—appraising her—like an artist might stare at a blank canvas.

Sue unzipped her black, knee-length skirt and wiggled her slim hips back and forth as she tugged it down. Trying to ignore Donna's gaze, she bent down to pick up the skirt. As she came back up her big toe caught in it and she tripped clumsily to the side.

Donna giggled.

Blushing, Sue continued to try to ignore Donna as she worked her pantyhose down her hips and then her legs. With the only seat taken up by Donna, Sue awkwardly hopped in place as she worked them past her feet getting more giggles from Donna.

Down to just her bra and her matching panties, Sue hesitated. Not wanting to give Donna the satisfaction of knowing just how embarrassed she was, Sue took a deep breath, reached back and unclipped her bra. The fire in her cheeks, which had just started to die, flared as she dropped her bra into the bin with one hand and covered her small breasts with her free arm.

Can't stop now, Sue thought.

With her eyes firmly on the floor tile in front of her, Sue reached down, hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, and pulled them down to her skinny ankles. The triangle of thick, black hair between her legs stood out in sharp contrast to her alabaster skin. After tossing her panties into the bin she slowly turned back to face Donna with both hands crossed protectively over her chest and her coltish legs, tightly together.

“Aw, don't be shy, hun!” Donna said reassuringly as she stood up. “I've probably had hundreds of 'plucked' girls in here. Trust me. You don't have anything I haven't seen!” Donna placed her warm, gentle hands on Sue's

bare shoulders and the small of her back and guided the smaller woman towards the table.

Sue pulled away. “I don’t need you to push me!” She spat. “Just tell me where to go!”

Donna shook her head and smiled. “Okay, then crawl up on the table on your hands and knees.”

Sue blinked twice. “On my...hands and knees?”

Donna pointed at the table. “Now if possible. I do have other appointments. Or do you need my help?” She chuckled.

Sue bowed her head and hesitantly crawled onto the table. Cringing as she did, she felt the fire from her cheeks race across her whole pale, little body. She kept her legs squeezed tightly together, while one arm covered her breasts and the other held her up. Sue hadn’t even gotten fully settled when Donna took one of her ankles and pulled it gently towards the nearest padded, leather restraint at the closest table corner.

“Hey!” She tugged back, but found that Donna’s gentle grip was, in fact, quite strong. “Look, I’m not a draftee. You don’t need those! Just put the damn gear on me so we can get this whole thing over with!”

Donna’s grip tightened, but only slightly. Her voice remained as light and pleasant as ever, “Look, hun, you may not be a draftee, but you’re on my grooming table. The straps are for everyone’s safety, mine and yours, so you’re going to be a good girl and wear them. Do we understand?” Before Sue could answer she continued, “If you give me too much trouble I’ll just make a little call to Mr. Cross and tell him...I think the magic word is ‘non-compliant.’ If that happens then I bet I’ll see you in here again after they’ve processed you! Now...give me your hind leg.”

Sue wanted to show her just how “non-complaint” she could be, but instead merely gave the groomer a hard look, and relaxed her “hind leg” and allowed herself to be restrained. Her heart jumped into her throat when the leather tightened.

“Good girl!” Donna praised. “Oh, sorry, force of habit!” She apologized as she took Sue’s other ankle and restrained it. “You know...you should probably get used to being talked to like that though...”

Sue tried not to tremble as the restraints pulled her legs apart making her feel even more open and exposed.

Donna took the hand that Sue had across her chest and pulled it away to restrain it. “You might as well get used to showing your teats too!” She laughed as Sue’s small breasts hung down below her.

Sue shuddered.

“Oh, relax!” Donna said as she buckled Sue’s other hand into the final restraint. “I know a lot of you petite pups are embarrassed by those tiny titties of yours, but look at it this way, while you’re on your hands and knees your boobs will look bigger while they’re hanging down!”

She does have a point...Fuck, what am I thinking?

Donna ran her finger tips along Sue’s shoulder and down her back. “What lovely smooth skin! So, milky white too! You remind me of one of the first puppy girls I ever worked on...She was really skittish too...”

Sue arched her back in response and let out a gasp. “Uh, can we...Can we just get this over with?” She asked.

Donna’s fingers continued to make their journey down the small of Sue’s back and down her pert butt. Sue inhaled sharply and involuntarily wagged her rear from side to side. “H-hey, stop that!”

To her surprise, Donna stopped.

“Oh, my...” Donna remarked gravely.

Sue looked over her shoulder. “What? What?” Then she felt a tug on her pubic hair, “Ow!” She cried, more in surprise than in pain.

“That’s quite a little forest you’ve grown there, pup!” Donna chuckled and then tugged again.

“Ow!” Sue cried. “Let go!”

“God, how do you even go to the beach like this?” She asked. “Ha! What am I saying? You don’t look like you’ve seen the sun in years!” She added with a friendly pat on Sue’s rump.

Sue gritted her teeth. Normally she would have been trimmed, but she’d been busy and had skimped lately.

“Look, what does it matter?” She asked as Donna went to a nearby cabinet and busied herself inside.

“Well, you’ve got to look that part! How often do you see puppy girls with nasty clumps of hair down there?”

Nasty?

With all the puppy girls she’d performed welfare checks on over the last year, Sue had rarely seen them with body hair. Occasionally an owner preferred “a little something down there” or even a girl who was “all natural,” but most were kept completely hairless.

Sue was starting to get anxious. “What are you doing in there?” She asked, craning her neck and pulling against her bonds.

Donna turned back around with a large, opaque jar and a pair of rubber gloves on her hands.

“What’s that? What is that?” Sue asked looking at the jar warily.

“It’s a magic cream that is going to make your puppy parts all nice and clean!”

Sue curled her lip. She hated the term “puppy parts.” She hated the idea of being hairless just as much.

“Look, you don’t have to do that. I mean, shouldn’t I get some say in this?” Sue’s question fell on deaf ears.

Donna walked behind her and fiddled with the jar. Sue tried to turn her head so that she could see what the groomer was doing. She gasped when she felt a cold jelly-like substance smeared against her exposed cleft.

“Ah! That’s cold!” Sue exclaimed.

Donna rubbed her gloved hand back and forth across Sue’s sensitive flesh. “There we are! Now, be still, puppy. You’re going to feel a little weird in a minute. Do worry, it’s completely normal!” She explained as she snapped off her gloves.

The cold sensation slowly began to turn hot and tingly. The heat built and built. Sue felt herself starting to sweat as she realized that Donna had put some kind of depilatory on her.

“Oh, God...” Sue moaned. “Ow!” She yelped. It felt like that crazy bitch had lit her crotch on fire.

Donna patted her head gently. “Shh...be brave, puppy. You have to make sacrifices for beauty! It’ll be over soon.”

Sue shook in the restraints as she continued to sweat and squirm against the cuffs. “God, wipe it off! Wipe it off!”

Donna continued to pet her and coo soft encouragement. Sue leaned against her, forgetting for the moment that Donna was the one who had caused the pain. All she wanted in that moment was comfort and she didn’t care from whom. It felt like an eternity, but finally an alarm sounded and the ordeal was over. After a quick thorough wipe of the mess, Donna ran her fingers across Sue’s smooth, sensitive mound.

“There we are, nice and clean! So much better! Yes it is! Yes it is!” She declared. Then she snapped her fingers. “Now I remember. Cookie! That was the girl I was thinking of. I bet you’ll be as popular as she is!”

“I—” She started weakly. “I don’t care about your work history. Please... stop talking to me like that...”

“Oh, was I doing it again? Sorry! But it really does look better! Now let’s make the rest of your coat look just as cute!”

My coat? Sue’s eyes looked upward. Oh, God, not my hair!

“Don’t even think about it!” She exclaimed. “I’m not a draftee! I am an Inspector with the HPPS and I don’t want a haircut!”

Donna released Sue’s hair from the tight bun. Her luxurious raven locks cascaded down her white shoulders and back. Running her fingers through the silky strands, Donna nodded sympathetically. “It is a shame...you have such a lovely coat, but trust me, you’ll want it nicely trimmed where you’re going! Oh, and you won’t be needing these!” Donna reached down and pulled the glasses from Sue’s face.

Sue squinted and protested to the blurry blonde form in front of her, “Hey! I need those! I’m practically blind without them!”

“I can’t trim your coat if you’re wearing them! Besides, silly girl, do puppies wear glasses?”

“Well no, but...”

“Then you don’t need glasses!”

“But I need them to see! How can I...How can I do my job without them?”

“Don’t worry, puppy, we’ll take care of that shortly. Now...”

“Stop calling me that!”

The first snip of the scissors was loud and crisp in Sue’s ear. It didn’t seem real as she watched the first chunk of her hair fall on the table beneath her. Then another chunk fell, and another, and another.

“No!” Sue cried as she struggled against her bonds. She was near tears from frustration. It distracted her from the fluttery feeling she got in her stomach every time she struggled unsuccessfully against the restraints.

Donna gently patted her back and softly whispered in her ear, “Shh...shhh. Keep still or there’s going to be a bald little puppy on my table in a minute!”

Sue let out a sob and then became still. It was too late to do anything about it. She’d have to let Donna finish.

The clumps of hair grew into a few small piles under and around her when Donna finally said, “There, all done! Who’s a brave girl? That’s right, you are! You are! Let’s get that hair up now! I think you’ll look best with extra-high doggy ears.”

Sue cringed thinking about how ridiculous a typical puppy girl hair style was. “Ow! Ow!” She complained as Donna pulled her hair on each side to put them up in extra tight elastic bands, so they wouldn’t come undone.

Donna knelt down face to face with Sue. “Perfect! Now let’s do your makeup.”

Sue didn’t bother to protest. The bitch won’t listen to me anyway...

Sue wrinkled her nose as Donna began to apply puppy “makeup” from a bottle with a brush.

“Keep your face neutral, puppy! This stuff is meant to stay on, so we wouldn’t want it to come out crooked! No we wouldn’t!”

Sue did her best to be expressionless. It was hard to do knowing that Donna was making her look like a complete fool. Images of all the ridiculous paint jobs that many owners had done on their puppy girls filled her mind. She’d seen everything from black circles around one eye, to full Dalmatian-like spots.

She thought about poor Boji outside the courtroom with the heart-shaped spot on the tip of her nose. At least this can come off...at least I'm not tattooed like her...

"There now..." Donna set the bottle and brush aside and knelt down again to face Sue. "Who's a cute puppy? Who's a cute puppy? I bet you want to see what you look like!"

Sue had given up trying to make Donna talk to her like a person and simply nodded, both wanting and not wanting to see what her hair looked like.

"Good girl! Let's fix those great big pretty eyes of yours so you can see how adorable and sweet you look!"

"Wait, my eyes? What are you going to do to my eyes?" Sue asked, suddenly fearful again.

"Nothing bad, puppy, I'm just going to give you some nice extended wear contacts so you'll be able to see without those dorky glasses! See?" She showed the small plastic case in the palm of her hand.

Sue blinked. She hated contacts, but considering everything else that had been done to her so far, contacts were the least of her worries. It was almost impossible to keep her eyes straight ahead while Donna's fingertips came straight at them. It took nearly a dozen tries, a lot of saline solution, tears, and cursing, but finally Sue's vision was clear again. Being able to see clearly made a tiny shred of her confidence return. Sue sat up a little straighter in her restraints, despite the pain in her knees from being on the table for what felt like forever.

Donna approached with a hand mirror. "Are you ready, pup?" Her smile was the widest it had ever been.

Sue curled her upper lip, "No...but yeah..." she said hesitantly.

"Here you are!"

Sue looked in the mirror and blinked twice.

Fuck...is that me?

There was a black heart painted on the tip of her nose and the three black dots on either cheek. It was a pretty common look for puppy girls unlucky enough to have their faces painted. Sue's hair had been hacked down to two short pigtails sticking straight out of the sides of her head with chic bangs hanging down over her forehead. As she moved her head side to side to look at herself they bounced. Then she noticed her eyes. They had changed from the deep, dark brown to a bright, nearly unnatural blue.

Her mouth hung open for several long seconds as she tried to process the change. "God, what have you done to me?" She turned away from the mirror and closed her eyes.

"Don't sulk, puppy. You look adorable! Besides..." Donna looked at the clock. "We've got a lot of work left to do. Your partner will be here to get you soon!"

Sue scrunched up her eyes tighter. The idea that Detective Jericho, that creep, was going to see her in the state she was in was unbearable. Her whole body shuddered at the idea of his eyes going across her. What would he think? What would he stare at? Would he even stare at all?

Donna picked up a pink vial of paint and brush and approached Sue's butt. "You'd better be glad that I'm so good with makeup!" Donna patted Sue's rear. "Otherwise, they'd have to brand you for real! Stay still or they may still have to!"

Sue did as she was told as Donna began to paint the heart shaped mark that all puppy girls had on the left side of their butts. She was relieved that no actual branding would have to take place, even if the idea of having to wear the mark at all made her want to vomit.

"All done! Well, I think that will fool just about anyone!" Donna declared, clearly very pleased with her handiwork. "Let's get your gear on while the 'brand' dries. They've picked out some darling paws for you. Even a grumpy girl like you is gonna love 'em! Yes, you are!"

Donna wheeled over a crate with “Petsitter B-Series – Mk I – SP” and opened it up. “You really should feel honored. You’re going to have completely unique gear taking care of you! ‘SP’ stands for special, which just means that there are optional components that can be added when necessary, but we’ll get into what that means later. Let’s get your pretty paws on you!” From the crate Donna pulled two thick, light brown leggings, each ending in a padded dog paw with pale pink pads on the bottom, followed by two matching mittens, and held them up to Sue.

“We modeled the color off of a Pomeranian. Which I think is so perfect! You’re little like one and you’ve got the same scrappy, feisty personality.”

Why couldn’t I be compared to something big and tough like a Rottweiler? Why an annoying yappy little dog? She wondered as Donna released her right ankle from its restraint and started pulling the legging up her leg.

The leggings were surprisingly soft and gave her some much-needed padding on her aching knees. It made her wiggle pleasantly as the fuzzy fabric rubbed against her calves, the back of her knees and finally the insides of her thighs. Once Donna had tugged them all the way on, she buckled them near their tops at Sue’s mid-thighs.

“Oh, did we find something that puppy likes?” Donna asked playfully.

“No!” Sue replied quickly and stopped wiggling. She couldn’t help it! She had sensitive skin!

With the leggings secured, Sue found that they were more rigid than she originally thought. There was no way she would be able to stand while she was wearing them.

Donna laughed and turned her attention to Sue’s front paws. Sue found that the mittens were just as fuzzy and struggled to hold in a sigh as they tightened around her balled up hands. She felt a moment of panic when she tried to open her hands and found she couldn’t. Donna used smaller, but equally secure buckles to ensure that Sue’s “pretty paws” would stay on through “thick and thin.”

As if reading her mind, Donna lay her hands over Sue's paws and said, "Don't worry. You'll get used to it. Aw, who has the prettiest paws in the whole wide world! You do! You do! Now, flip over on your back so we can do your second 'brand!'"

Sue slowly and awkwardly started to move. The paws had some grip to them, but not as much as her bare skin, so she struggled not to slide on the metal table.

God, how am I going to "walk" like this?

Once on her back Sue looked down at her hairless crotch. The whole area around her vagina where her hair had been was a light red and her labia was slightly swollen. It was as if she were looking at another woman. Thinking about her new face and her hair too, her body no longer felt like it was hers. Sue had always seen the sadness in many puppy girls' eyes, but she wondered if they all felt the same scary feeling of detachment.

"Trust me," Donna said. "Your puppy parts look so much better this way! I think somebody is going to be very popular with the boys!" She proclaimed as she prepared to paint another heart-shaped paw "brand" on Sue's lower stomach.

Popular with the boys? Sue thought. That was something that she'd never been. Maybe it was because she'd always been too short and too skinny to get much attention. Maybe it was the bitchy attitude she'd developed in response to being teased, or worse, ignored. Whatever the reason she always drove them away. If all it takes is a dumb haircut and a hairless pussy to impress "boys" then is it even worth it?

The makeup brush glided across her smooth belly tickling her. Sue arched against it and giggled.

"Aw, does puppy like that?" Donna stopped painting and scratched Sue's upper belly.

Sue gritted her teeth. "No—I'm just ticklish! Stop that!"

Donna smiled and went back to painting. “Use whatever excuse you want, you liked it!”

When Donna had finished she praised her own handiwork again. Sue looked down and had to admit that the mark did look real.

“How—how long does this paint last?” Sue asked, reaching for the mark.

“No, no, puppy! Let it dry!” Donna warned and batted away Sue’s paw. “Oh, it will last about two weeks.”

Sue’s heart sank. “Two weeks?” She exclaimed.

“Don’t worry, puppy. When they bring you back here I have a special solution that will remove it. Though you just look so cute, I don’t know why you’d want to!”

God, this girl is certifiable...

Donna retrieved two heart-shaped nipple covers from the crate and a small black remote. The covers were the same color as the stockings and mittens.

Well, I wouldn’t want to be mismatched...

“Hold still. I wouldn’t want them to go on un-even...” Donna mumbled as she applied them over Sue’s light pink nipples. “There. All done! Good girl for being so still!” She praised as she picked up the remote and pressed a few buttons.

Sue gasped and arched her back as she felt an extremely pleasant vibration start at the tips of her nipples and go deep into her breasts. The pleasure lasted only a moment and then it was gone. She looked up at Donna with a perplexed look on her face.

“Just testing to make sure the connection worked. I bet puppy liked that a lot!” Donna laughed and set the remote aside.

“I did not! I just wasn’t expecting it, that’s all...” Sue insisted as she squirmed a bit on the table. She’d never felt anything like that before. She

bit her lower lip and tried to calm down as Donna presented her with a pair of perky, light brown dog ears in the style of a Pomeranian.

“Aren’t these just to die for?” Donna gushed as she hugged them to her.

Oh, I wanna die alright...

Sue grimaced and winced as her hair was pulled a bit while Donna affixed them to her head. Once they were attached, Donna picked up the remote again and pressed a few buttons.

Sue jumped as she heard a strong mechanical voice, “Petsitter B-Series – Mark 1 – SP online...Standby mode...” What was odd was that it didn’t come from her ears, but somehow from... inside her head. She’d always wondered what the governing voice of the sitter really felt like. It was awful knowing that even the inside of her own head wasn’t a sanctuary.

Donna pushed a few more buttons and the same mechanical voice said, “Shutting down.”

“We won’t need to keep this on until you’ve been delivered,” Donna explained.

“Why do you have to keep it on at all?” Sue asked.

Donna looked down at her, “Do you really think you could act convincingly like a proper puppy girl—especially around people who are used to taking care of them on a daily basis without the Petsitter helping you?”

Sue frowned, “I guess not.”

With both her “brands” dry, Donna moved to finish “registering” Sue with a shiny ear tag. Like the brands, Sue was relieved to find out she wasn’t actually going to have a hole put in her ear. Still, as the tag clipped on she winced and cried out.

“God, it pinches!”

“Well, you can either deal with the little pinch or I could have one of the boys in processing do it for real!”

Sue sat up straighter, “No, no! I—I guess this is fine.”

Donna laughed and fished around in the bottom of the crate, “I thought you might feel that way...Ah, there it is.” She pulled out a light brown, fluffy tail that, like the ears, was in the style of a Pomeranian.

Sue’s eyes locked onto the tail and traveled slowly down it to the plug at the end. At the mere sight of it she clenched her butt reflexively. Out of everything, the tail was what she had been most worried about, but she’d been able to avoid thinking about it until that moment.

“Wait...you’re not actually expecting me to...” She started awkwardly. “Come on, you faked the brands and the tag! Can’t you do the same for the tail?”

“Sorry, puppy, no, we can’t. You’re probably going to be at that kennel for at least several days. You’re going to have to go potty sometime. The handlers would notice if you weren’t plugged!”

Sue started to back away from her, but stopped as she ran out of table surface and teetered on the edge. Stuck on her hands and knees and already being so short, Sue suddenly felt like she was standing on the edge of a canyon.

“Ah, ah, ah, none of that, puppy!” Donna wagged her finger. “If you’re not going to be still, I can still call in the boys from processing and they can do it.”

Sue wavered, not sure what to do. She almost wanted to put up a fight out of principle.

Donna turned the tail over and pointed at the plug. “We knew you wouldn’t be able to take a normal full-sized one, so we got you the smallest model available. We call them ‘runt-size’, you know, cause runt-of-the-litter? They’re for petite pups like you. Come on, I’ll grease it and you up really

good so it will just pop right in! It's so small you probably won't even know it's there!"

"What in the hell is wrong with you?" Sue snapped as she set her rump protectively down on the table. "How would you like having something stuck up your butt? How would you like having any of this done to you?" She shook her paw at Donna before she realized that it probably looked more-adorable than threatening. She dropped her paw in her lap and said in a small, defeated voice, "You don't know how this feels..."

"Oh? I don't know how it feels?" Donna asked. Her voice was still just as light and sweet as ever as she raised her uniform blouse and pulled down the waistband of her pants revealing an old ComPet brand.

Sue stared at the mark for several long seconds before looking up at Donna, "You were a service animal?"

"Yup!" She dropped her blouse.

"But why...why would you do this? Why would you work here?"

"Well, this might surprise you, but I enjoyed my service time. I know I was luckier than a lot of other girls, not as lucky as you were though..." She smiled slyly. "We don't all have your family's connections. Anyway, I really was lucky. A lot of girls get paired with really cruel or ugly owners, or both! Mine was super strict, but he was hot, kept me comfortable, well-fed, and most importantly, well-fucked!"

Sue's eyes widened.

"We're not all prudes, Sue." Donna chuckled.

I'm not a prude! Sue pouted. Am I?

"I happen to like sex, so did my owner, and while I was his puppy girl he went after me like no man did before or since!" Donna's cheeks flushed a bit as a wistful look crept over her features. "You have no idea how good it can be when you're completely helpless...and at the same time, in a way, so

is he. He might have the remote that controls you and he might be the owner, but it was like he was powerless to resist me..." Donna grinned wickedly and winked.

Sue squirmed a bit on the edge of the table. Her "puppy parts" tingled at the thought of making a man so powerless. She wondered what it would be like.

"So, I do know how it feels. I wore a much bigger plug for two whole years and I didn't get to complain while they jammed it up me, so I'd count my blessings if I were you, puppy!"

"You still haven't told me why you work here."

"It's what I know. And I do it because I want to make the process a little less-scary for the pups that end up on my table—you know, like I would have wanted when I was here."

Sue nodded. "That's what I wanted to do in the HPPS—help all the poor girls who are stuck in service!"

"Well, then we're not so different then. See? Now, can we?" Donna held up the tail in one hand and a tube of lubricant in the other.

Sue nodded slowly. "I—yes."

"Good girl! Who's a brave puppy?" Donna chimed. "Now head down and bottom up!"

Sue crawled back to the middle of the table and timidly lowered her face. The metal was cool on her burning cheek as she presented her backside to Donna.

This is so humiliating...

She jolted up as she felt cool lube against her anus.

"No, puppy..." Donna murmured soothingly as she gently pushed Sue's head back down. "I know you're fearful. Just relax and I promise it won't

be awful...”

Even after everything Donna had told her, Sue doubted her, but she took a deep breath and tried to be calm and still. The lube gradually warmed as Donna lightly massaged her in a semi-circle.

“That’s right. Relax. So brave...so brave...” Donna murmured.

Sue started to feel a little like a jar of jam left out in the sun on a scorching summer day. Her face was hot, her heart was thumping, and a slight trickle of drool dripped from the corner of her mouth. Maybe Donna was right and it wouldn’t be so bad. Suddenly the massage stopped, and Sue felt a hard, unyielding object against her tight opening. Her eyes shot open and she started to sit up again. Donna intercepted Sue’s head and pressed it down again as the plug began to slide inside her tight opening.

Sue reflexively clenched down on it, trying to push the invader out as tears of pain and panic came to her eyes. “No! Stop! Take it out! Take it out!”

Donna held her down and pushed the plug deeper, “Shh...shhh...I know, puppy, I know. Breathe. Relax...” She murmured.

Sue took panicked gasps as her whole body shined with sweat. When she’d done service animal welfare checks for the HPPS she’d always asked owners to remove tail plugs so she could check that area for health. She’d always wondered how they could stand having that bulbous thing forced in and out of them each day, but never wanted to experience it to learn.

Finally, Donna let out a grunt and the pressure stopped. With a playful slap on Sue’s behind she said triumphantly, “Done! I have never had a puppy on my table with such a tight, little chute as you!”

Sue couldn’t hold back her tears anymore. The humiliation and pain of the day had finally gotten to her. She collapsed into pitiful sobs.

Donna petted her lovingly. “Aw, don’t cry, puppy. Come on! Who’s a brave puppy? That’s right! You are! You are!”

Sue tried to choke back her tears.

“I—I—” she sobbed as she reached back for the tail with her pawed hands.

“No, puppy! No! We mustn’t try to touch our tail!” Donna batted away Sue’s paws.

“But I—” Sue trembled and then whispered. “I have to go to the bathroom! Please take it out!”

“No, puppy. That’s just the way it feels at first. You’ll get used to it.”

“Please! I need to go!”

“No. Now, you’re almost done! Just two more things—and I promise they won’t hurt.”

Sue had been through so much. She gulped back some more sobs as Donna wiped her tears. She tried to ignore the feeling that she needed to go to the bathroom without much success.

Donna showed her the next item from the crate, a c-string that matched the rest of her gear. “See, not scary at all. And since you’re so bashful, I bet you’ll like having your puppy parts covered!”

Yeah, “covered...”

Sue shifted a bit as Donna affixed the thing over her crotch. She had to admit that it was better than nothing. She yelped and jumped a little when Donna attached the back of it to the tail. Even the littlest touch to the tail was more than a bit painful.

Donna picked up the remote and pushed a few buttons. Sue’s eyes bulged as she first felt a powerful vibration from the plug for several long seconds followed by an equally strong tremor from the front panel of the c-string.

Oh my God!

The vibrations alternated from the plug and the panel several times. Sue's hips wiggled as she involuntarily let out a high-pitched squeak every time the tremors went to the panel and a pained groan every time they went to the plug.

Then the vibrations stopped. Panting slightly and with her hips still shaking, Sue looked up at Donna with an almost resentful expression as if to say, "How could you?"

"I told you it wouldn't hurt. I bet puppy liked that, huh? Does puppy want more?" Donna teased.

Sue almost nodded, but didn't.

"I bet puppy does!" Donna looked at her slyly. "Well, there's no time anyway!"

Donna held up a sturdy black leather collar with a shiny, bone-shaped dog tag jingling against the buckle. "See, puppy gets her own pretty new necklace! Chin up!"

Sue stared for a moment at the collar before raising her chin. She shivered as she felt the cool, firm leather caress her soft neck. Panic rose in her as it began to close around her throat. She felt as if she couldn't swallow—couldn't breathe!

"All finished!" Donna helped Sue off the table and onto the floor.

Sue always had to look up at most others due to being so short, but it was a whole new perspective on her hands and knees. Looking up at the tall, pretty, well-dressed Donna made her feel small and very much inferior. It was a feeling that wasn't helped when Donna attached a leash to Sue's collar.

Sue pawed at the leash. "Hey, I don't need a leash yet do I?" When she woke up that morning she didn't think it was remotely possible that she'd be asking that question.

“Not yet, but you might as well get used to it now. Come on!” Donna gave a light tug.

Sue made a sullen face, but followed Donna to a mirror attached to the wall at her new, low level. It had been a shock when she’d seen herself after the haircut and the makeup, but seeing herself dressed—locked—in the full puppy gear and looking no different than the helpless, pathetic girls she used to check daily was a nightmare. The ridiculous paws on her hands and feet, the “brand” over her lower belly, the collar around her neck with the tag hanging down from it, Sue stared unbelieving at it all with brown eyes made blue.

“Oh, I almost forgot!” Donna looped the end of the leash on a wall-mounted hook and pulled two pink ribbons from her pocket. “We can’t send this puppy out without her ribbons, no we can’t!” She said as she knelt down next to Sue and tied the ribbons into large bows at the base of each pigtail. “Perfect! Who’s the prettiest puppy in the whole wide world? That’s right, you are! You are!”

Sue hated pink. The ribbons just made her feel even more disassociated from her own body. She thought of Boji again and the girls she’d “rescued,” and for a moment she wondered if she didn’t deserve all of this.

Donna was wrong. It was the collar that hurt the worst of all.

Part 3: A Crash Course in Puppy Manners

“Ditzy?” Sue asked incredulously as she pawed at the bone-shaped, metal tag hanging from her collar. “Who the hell thought that was a good name?”

“It’s just the name that was on the tag. Maybe it was your boss. I don’t know!” Donna shrugged. “Now before your partner comes to pick you up I’m going to give you a quick obedience lesson so that you’ll know how to act. It takes more than high-quality gear and expert grooming to make a proper puppy girl you know!”

Forgetting for a moment that she was made up like a dog and kneeling on the floor, Sue gave Donna a haughty look. “Uh, I’ve been around service animals for a year, I think I have a pretty good idea how they act!”

“Look who’s a know-it-all now! You may have been around puppy girls, but trust me, there’s a huge difference between checking one and being one! There are lots of things that you probably missed. Trust me. It takes months of obedience training to get it down well, and we’ve got maybe thirty minutes! So, let’s start. Show me your walk!” Donna tugged lightly on the leash and started across the room.

Sue did her best to follow, but she wasn’t particularly athletic and she wasn’t used to crawling, so the tight collar would routinely choke her.

“Hey! Slow down!” Sue gasped.

“No, Ditzy!” Donna snapped in an uncharacteristically commanding voice that really got Sue’s attention. Then she asked, “do puppies talk, Ditzy?”

“No, but…”

Donna gave her a look. “Seriously?”

Sue blushed and closed her mouth.

“Get used to answering to your new name and to not talking. When the Petsitter is on you’ll get a really nasty shock if you forget and try to speak like a person! Understand?”

“Ye—” Sue paused and then nodded.

“Good girl, Ditzzy! But nodding is for people too. Bark once for ‘yes’ and twice for ‘no.’ Let’s try it again. Does Ditzzy understand?”

Like Hell am I going to bark!

“Aw, maybe you’re too...ditzzy to get it? Are we a slow little puppy?” Donna asked in a voice that was somehow more patronizing than it had ever been.

Sue gritted her teeth. She opened her mouth and let out a half-hearted, almost sarcastic, “Woof.”

“Good girl! Good girl!” Donna patted her head. “Try to make it a bit more enthusiastic next time. Remember, puppy girls should always be happy and peppy!”

Happy and peppy, yeah, right...

Donna led Sue around the room in a small circle. Sue stumbled and struggled to keep up as Donna urged her to “look cheerful” and to “show some spirit.” On the fifth pass Donna reminded Sue to keep her legs apart as she crawled and when she sat.

“The petsitter will shock you if you try to keep your legs together. Puppies aren’t just happy and peppy, they’re available! Get it?”

“Woof.” Sue replied.

“Good girl, Ditzzy!” Donna praised. “We’re learning!”

Sue panted and sweated as she continued to circle the room while trying to remember to keep her legs separated. Even though the leggings covering her “hind legs” gave her knees a little bit of padding and protection, they still hurt.

Donna reminded Sue again and again to keep her knees off the ground as she crawled. “You’re going to wreck your little knees otherwise!” She warned.

Sue tried, but she didn’t feel at all like herself. It wasn’t just that she didn’t recognize her visage in the mirror; her normal expectations of what her body could do were no longer there. Walking on four legs instead of two was only the beginning. Even something as simple as wanting to brush her hair back was awkward and strange with the blunt, inarticulate paws covering her normally nimble fingers.

“Good girl, Ditzzy!” Donna praised, “Good, uh, effort! Now, show me you’re happy by giving me a big smile and wagging that tail!”

Sue tried to smile. It was difficult for her to pretend to be happy when she wasn’t.

“Bigger! Open mouthed! Let that tongue out too! Pant!”

Sue blushed as she widened her smile, opened her mouth and let her pink tongue slide out past her lips. She felt so stupid as she began to pant loudly.

“Now wag! Wag, Ditzzy! Show me you’re happy!” Donna urged.

Sue shook her rear end slowly at first. Her tail, in turn, gently swished from side to side. Trying to keep the happy, brainless expression on her face while wagging her tail was more-challenging than she thought it would be.

Donna crossed her arms. “That’s the saddest wag ever!”

Sue stopped wagging, stopped smiling, and stopped panting. “I’m doing my best! What the hell do you want?” She really was trying her best, but the fact that she was failing at it wasn’t what was really bothering her. What

was really bothering her was that she was trying to act like a “proper pup” at all!

Donna knelt down and took one of Sue’s paws in her hands. “Look, I’m trying to help you, Ditzzy...I’m going to tell you what I tell every puppy girl I groom. Don’t think of yourself as human while you’re wearing the gear. It helps just to think of yourself as an animal the whole time. It sort of—numbs the shame you’d feel otherwise.”

The idea wasn’t appealing—to think of herself as animal—but then again, Donna had made it through the service period more-or-less intact, which was more than anyone could say for many young women.

Whatever gets me through...it’s only for a little while anyway.

Sue contorted her frown into the happiest smile she could muster, let out a “woof” and wagged her tail back and forth as fast as she could.

Donna patted her head. “Good girl, Ditzzy! You’re learning!” There was a knock at the door. Sue was grateful for the interruption. It meant she wouldn’t have to think about how genuinely happy being praised made her. “I guess the Petsitter will have to help you with the rest. It sounds like puppy’s date is here!”

I think I’m going to be sick...

Donna opened the door to a gum-chewing, Detective Robert Jericho leaning casually against the frame.

“Why you must be Detective Jericho!” Donna practically gushed.

“The one and only,” he replied with a smile and a nod.

“Please come in, Ditzzy is all ready for you.”

Robert strode into the room looking around casually. It seemed like he looked everywhere else but on the floor in front of him as if to show that Sue was the last thing on his mind. Or was she reading too much into his actions? When his deep blue eyes finally settled on her small, cringing

form, Sue felt blood rush to her cheeks again. In that moment she wished that she could melt right through the floor.

“Wow, you ComPet groomers really know your stuff! I bet she wouldn’t look half as good if she’d gone to the best beauty parlor in town!”

Donna blushed at the compliment and giggled awkwardly. “Well, it’s just what I do! It’s not really that hard, unlike, you know, being a detective!”

Sue cleared her throat and looked up at both of them. “Could we?” Why did she suddenly feel so jealous?

“She’s got to work on that bark though...” Robert smirked.

“That’s just what I was telling her!” Donna patted him on the shoulder in agreement. Sue bristled.

“Donna, I thought you said you had other cases after me,” Sue reminded, trying to keep her growing irritation out of her voice.

“Oh, yes, that’s right...” Donna said as she presented the leash and the remote to Robert. “You’ll need these, Detective. The controls are all standard. Oh, but if you do have questions or need anything, anything at all, here’s my card!” As she handed him the card she smiled warmly and made eye contact for just a bit too long.

He glanced down at the card, “Of course, Miss—”

“Donna. Donna is fine. Call me day or night!” She chirped then knelt down and took Sue’s paw in her hands again. “Be a good puppy girl now, Ditzzy. Good luck on your case!”

“Yeah...thanks...” Sue mumbled in response.

The door closed and she felt a short tug on her leash, bringing her attention to Robert. Alone with him, she suddenly became acutely aware of herself—how she was “dressed” and made up—again. She sat back, squeezing her legs together while taking care not to bump her tail on the floor. Then she clumsily crossed her paws over her nearly bare chest. It wasn’t at all how

she'd envisioned herself being nearly naked in front of a man for the first time.

“Look, Miss Sharp, or I guess I should call you Ditzzy?” Robert took a knee in front of her. “We got off on the wrong foot I think. You don't have to like me and I don't have to like you for us to work with each other. We've both got a job to do. You do yours. I'll do mine. I'll have your back if any trouble comes. Understand?”

Sue was taken aback by his sudden earnestness. His face was close to hers and she could smell the peppermint from his gum.

“Miss Sharp—Ditzzy?”

Sue blinked. “Yes—I mean, yes, you're right. We both have a job to do.”

Mine is just about a million times worse than yours...

“Good.” Robert stood up, but the smell of mint lingered in the air. “Donna probably already told you that the petsitter you're wearing is a little different than the base model.”

Sue nodded. She knew she should be practicing responding like a puppy girl, but she just couldn't bring herself to do it in front of him yet.

Robert pulled out his phone glanced between her and the screen as he spoke, “Unlike the regular Mark I Petsitter, it's pre-programmed to give you a little more 'guidance' but without restricting you like the Mark II would. Your R&D people modified the program to give you more-practical advice for an agent in your position. This way it'll be easier for you to pose as a full-time puppy girl.”

“Wonderful...” Sue replied, unable to keep the sarcasm out of her voice.

Robert gave her a stern look. “Since you won't be much good if you're shocked senseless every time you make a mistake, the strength of each jolt is now a fraction of what it normally is.”

“Does it have to be on at all? Can’t it just, I dunno, just verbally warn me or something?”

“You won’t be able to blend in if you’re not visibly corrected for bad behavior. That’s what they told me anyway.”

Sue frowned.

“Now, uh, the next part is interesting...Even though you’re tagged with a tracker already, if F.E.R.A.L makes a move and you need me, they’ve included a way for you to call me for help.”

“Like a wire?”

“No, not really...They wanted something less-obvious—less-typical. It’s in your tail.”

“In my tail? How am I supposed to call for help with my tail?” Sue asked incredulously.

Robert shrugged and rubbed the back of his head. “It’s kind of ingenious really when you think about it. Basically, it’s like old Morse code. It’s just that rather than tapping out the code you, uh, squeeze out the code...”

Sue’s mouth dropped open, “You mean when I—” She pointed back at the tail with her paw. “No, absolutely not!”

Undeterred by her protest, Robert continued. “The signal is just like you’d do an SOS, three dots, three dashes, and three dots. They wanted it to be complicated enough so that you wouldn’t accidentally set it off, but easy enough so that you wouldn’t forget.”

“No.” Sue crossed her arms.

“Look, I didn’t build the damn thing!” Robert snapped. “I really don’t blame you for not wanting to do it, but this is just another part of the job.”

“No.” Sue repeated more firmly.

Robert sighed and pulled out the remote that he'd gotten from Donna.

Sue eyed him warily. "What are you getting that out for?"

Robert looked down at her, "I wasn't going to turn the sitter on until we got to the kennel, but I'll just do it now if you're not going to do your part."

Sue sighed. "Don't bother...just...turn your back."

"What?"

"Turn around." She made a circular motion in the air with her paw. "I'm not going to do this in front of you."

"Sure, whatever, if it'll get you to co-operate!" Robert smirked, unclipped her leash, and turned around.

Sue cringed, took a deep breath, and began.

Three dots...

She tightened around the hard plastic three times in quick succession. Each time the tail dipped down between her legs, making her appear like a frightened, submissive, dog.

Three dashes...

She flexed for slightly longer three times making the tail dip down longer.

Three dots...

She felt disgusting as she finished the sequence.

"Uh, it's not registering," Robert said looking over his shoulder her. "The notes say that you really have to 'clench' to make it work."

You clench, damn it!

It took several more tries before Sue could “squeeze out” the sequence correctly. Her muscles, not accustomed to being used in that way, felt wobbly and weak.

“It worked! Uh, good, girl, I guess?” Robert chuckled. “Now remember, only use the signal if F.E.R.A.L agents show up, no other time.”

“Don’t worry. I won’t.” Sue replied wearily. There was no way in hell she would even try if she didn’t have to.

“So, that pretty much covers it.” Robert checked his watch. “We’d better get going or we’ll miss check-in time.”

“Oh, and we certainly wouldn’t want that!”

Robert gave her another stern look as he reached down to re-attach the leash to her collar. He fumbled with the collar’s d-ring and the leash clip several times.

After several awkward long seconds Sue finally asked, “Detective, have you never done this before?”

Finally, the clip and the ring connected. “Sure, I’ve done it countless times, just not on a puppy girl. It’s a little different.”

Sue smiled to herself as he led her out into the hall and toward the building’s garage. He’s kind of cute when he’s flustered.

Part 4: The Check-in

Sue had always gotten a little motion sick if she didn't sit in the front seat during a car ride. Crammed into a dog carrier in the backseat of Robert's car, with the plastic walls pushing against her bare flanks and the low ceiling ensuring that she would bump her head every time Robert hit a pothole, had made her more than a little nauseous. She pressed her face to the wire door and sucked in fresh air. Out of all the humiliation she'd suffered she didn't need to throw up on top of everything else!

As she rode, Sue thought of the encounter she'd had on the walk to Robert's car. They'd passed a couple of her former co-workers. She didn't know them well, but she knew their names and they knew hers. Panic gripped her. What would they think? What would they say? They passed right on by her without giving her a second look. It was like she was an entirely different person—or a different species. It only reinforced her feeling that she wasn't Sue anymore. Though she wondered if that was any great loss.

Sue bounced in the carrier, striking her head for the fifth time against the ceiling. He's aiming for those potholes on purpose!

Several bumps later, the unpleasant car ride blessedly came to an end.

“Alright, Ditzzy, before I come back there and get you out are there any questions?”

“Hey, how about we switch jobs? You can go undercover and I'll sit out here in the car, eat cheeseburgers, and watch porn on my phone all day! How about it?”

“So, that's would be a 'no.’” He started to get out of the car. “You sure? Once the sitter is on you won't be able to ask anything.”

“Act like a good little doggy, watch out for Cheesecake, and call in the cavalry if the F.E.R.A.L crazies show up. Yeah, I got it.”

There was a pause. “Hey, so what kind of porn do you watch?”

Sue banged on the wire door. “Get. Me. Out of here!”

Even though she was going onto the sidewalk where strangers would be able to see her, Sue was relieved to be out of the cramped carrier. Fortunately, the sidewalk was deserted for the time being. With her leash in one hand and the remote in the other, Robert pointed the device at her head.

“Let’s see...” he mumbled as he punched buttons with his thumb.

The measured, mechanical voice returned inside her head, “Petsitter Mark I – SP online...Standby mode...Running equipment diagnostic...Reward...” Sue’s eyes shot open and her body went rigid as she felt the nipple covers, the c-string, and the tail vibrate all at once for several long seconds. She was just recovering from that when the voice said, “Correction...” Sue squeaked as she felt a shock in all the same places and in her collar and ears as well.

Her paws went up to her collar as she contorted and her tail went between her legs. That’s a “fraction” of the normal shock? How does anyone survive this?

As the pain subsided Sue looked up at Robert and opened her mouth to speak, before remembering that the sitter was active. It was going to be very hard to break a lifetime of saying what she wanted when she wanted.

“You okay?” He asked while looking a bit concerned.

Sue stopped herself again from automatically trying to answer, blinked away the tears, and replied with a half-hearted, “woof...”

With a slight, almost apologetic tug on her leash Robert led her toward the kennel. With each step Sue’s dread grew just a little bit more. Above the glass double doors there was a large, sign shaped like a pair of dog paws with “The Happy Paws Boarding Kennel” emblazoned across it in brightly painted letters. In her previous job, all of her service animal checks had been for individuals. She’d never actually seen the inside of a boarding

kennel. Those bigger inspections were usually reserved for more-senior employees and she was perfectly happy to let them have the so-called privilege.

The bell on the door jingled as they passed through. Sue kept close to Robert as they approached the front counter. It was intensely frustrating to not be able to see much at her diminished height.

“Hi, I’m Elias Schneider,” Robert said across the counter in a passable German accent. “I believe we spoke on the phone earlier.”

Sue choked back laughter. Is he really doing an accent? Is our Detective Jericho a frustrated actor perhaps? She mused to herself.

A perky, friendly woman’s voice replied, “Yes, of course, Mr. Schneider. We spoke about boarding your puppy girl.” A head of an average looking blonde woman peeked over the counter at Sue. “And this must be Ditzzy!” She said in a syrupy voice. “Well, she’s just about the cutest little pup I’ve ever seen. Why, I bet she’d get lost in a teacup!”

The air-headed blondes are multiplying today.

Robert laughed and looked down at her. “Yes, she fits just about anywhere!” He ruffled her hair with his fingers and then left his hand on top of her head.

Sue’s first reaction was to pull away, but she knew that she needed to keep up the appearance of a sweet little puppy girl. Besides, Robert’s hand resting atop her head was surprisingly calming.

“So, how long will she be staying with us?”

“At least a week, but the time may have to be extended if that’s possible.”

Sue had been taking things minute by minute. The idea of having to spend a day, let alone a week or more in the gear made her want to scream. She closed her eyes and focused on Robert’s fingertips lightly massaging her scalp.

Mmm...maybe dogs are actually onto something...

“Of course, Mr. Schneider, just call us before her time is up and we can extend her stay!” Sue could hear clicking on a keyboard above her. “Now, let’s talk about her accommodations. The standard package has two generous dry kibble meals a day, two play sessions with staff, access to the yard, and a standard crate for nighttime. Upgrades are available in every category and include...”

Robert cut her off. “The standard package will be fine.”

Wow, what a cheapskate!

“Standard package it is! Oh, and since you’re enrolling her a bit late in the day, she’s missed supper and won’t be fed until tomorrow, will that be alright, sir?”

Robert nodded. “Yes, she can afford to miss a meal.”

What the hell does that mean? Is he trying to call me fat?

There was more typing. “Staff contact and access...that means how much the staff is allowed to touch your pet. Standard means that they will handle her the way they would handle a dog, petting, belly rubs, swats if she misbehaves, etc. There are options for more or less...”

Less! Less!

“Standard will be fine.”

I don’t want some pervert touching me! Sue felt her tail going down between her legs as she tightened in response to the thought of a stranger rubbing her bare belly.

“Does she have any dietary restrictions, special needs, or is there anything about her that we should know in order to give her the best possible care?”

“Ditzy is straight out of obedience school, and she isn’t what you’d call a ‘star pupil’ I’m afraid.” Robert explained. “In fact, she was quite slow in

every aspect of the training, that's why I named her 'Ditzy,' she's just not very bright!" He chuckled.

The receptionist looked down at her and smiled understandingly. "Aw congratulations on graduating from obedience school, Ditzy!" She offered her hand. "Shake!"

Sue stared up at her for a moment. God I hate this! She clenched her jaw and slowly set her paw on top of the woman's hand.

"I see what you mean. You are a bit slow aren't you?" She said in a patronizing tone. "Don't worry about that, Mr. Schneider. Our handlers are very well-trained. They're used to working with all kinds of pets. Who knows, after a week under their care and after being around so many well-trained and well-behaved puppies, Ditzy may surprise you!"

"I doubt it."

Oh, ye of little faith!

"Well, you do know her better, Sir!" The receptionist released Sue's paw and went back behind the counter, only to return a moment later with an adjustable rubber stamp in hand. "Hold her still please so I can stamp her with your selections. This way all the handlers will know her status."

"Yes, of course." Robert kept a hand on her head and placed another on her bare shoulder. His fingertips were rough and warm against her cool skin. Sue closed her eyes again and focused on his hands. Then she felt the rubber stamp make contact on her butt. A moment later she had "SSR" in big black letters across her skin, which stood for "standard accommodations," "standard physical contact" and "remedial-level training."

"All right, she's all set!" The receptionist clapped her hands together.

Robert knelt down in front of Sue and said sternly, "I want you to be a good little puppy while I'm gone." He wagged his finger at her. "I don't want to get any bad reports about you!" His tone was harsh, but he petted her gently

while he spoke. Then he leaned in as if to kiss her on the cheek. She could smell the mint from his gum and his aftershave. His lips were millimeters away from her ear, his hot breath made her tingle as he whispered in his normal voice, “Good luck. Remember, three dots, three dashes, three dots!”

Part 5: The Kennel

Sue found herself momentarily gripped with panic when Robert handed her leash and her remote to the receptionist. As he walked out the door, so too did the only person who knew that she wasn't really a ComPet. Sue's mind raced with thoughts of every perversion and indignity she'd witnessed a puppy girl endure during welfare checks or just out in the street. How would she be treated?

Then she remembered what Donna had told her. "Don't think of yourself as human...just to think of yourself as an animal. It...numbs the shame..."

So, rather than trying to crawl out the door after him and escape like she wanted to, instead she let out the most pathetic whimper she could manage.

"Aw, don't cry puppy!" The receptionist patted her head. "He'll be back before you know it! Besides you're going to have so much fun and make so many friends! Come on, let's go meet them!" She pressed a button on top of the counter. A distant buzzer sounded beyond the double swinging doors to the right of the counter. A few moments later a man in gray coveralls and cap appeared. Despite the benign clothing and the cheerful double-pawed logo on his upper sleeve, Sue would have found the man large and intimidating even when she was free to walk on two legs. Very tall and very tan, he had the physique of an amateur bodybuilder and smelled heavily of cigar smoke. The latter of which made Sue's nose wrinkle.

"Hey, Phil, we have another one for you. This is Ditzzy and she'll be staying with us for at least a week. Her owner said she had some behavioral problems, so make sure you keep a close eye on her!" She offered him the leash.

That's not what he said! He just said I was slow...God, has it really come to this already? I'd really rather they think I was dumb instead of difficult?

The man in the overalls, Phil, glanced down at her as he took the leash. The same panic Sue felt when Robert left her came rushing back a hundred fold. Something about the man scared her. “Thanks, Renee, I’ll keep a very close eye on her. Get her petsitter linked up to the main server while I take her down to the yard, will you?”

“Sure!” She said, waving the remote at him. “I’ll put her under number six on your remote. Oh, and, don’t forget, she’s an ‘S’ for contact level and that means an S, got it?”

“Yeah, yeah, I got it,” he replied and gave Sue’s leash a tug. He set a rapid pace as they went through the double doors into a short hallway that ended in another set of double doors. Sue strained to keep up with him. The hard tile floor hurt her knees and even when she stumbled he did not slow down. “Move it along, little bitch!” He ordered and punctuated the command with a sharp tug.

Sue choked down words of protest and instead whined as she did her best to obey and follow him through the second set of doors. The doors led to the outside. A long, stained concrete path stretched out in front of her. The smell of a harsh cleaning solution was in the air. It mostly, but not totally, masked an undercurrent of urine, wet dog, and female body odor. Sue wrinkled her nose again, suddenly preferring the cigar smell wafting off Phil. Both sides of the path were lined with sturdy chain link fences. Behind the left fence there were dozens and dozens of actual dogs. To the right behind the fence there were dozens and dozens of puppy girls. Both sides seemed to notice Sue at roughly the same time, and both groups rushed to the fences to say, “Hello.”

To the left the dogs barked and growled as they jumped against the fence. The bigger ones shook and rattled the chain link fearsomely. While others tried to stick their wet snouts through the gaps to sniff at her and lick the air as she passed. To the right puppy girls yipped and also comically tried to mimic the dog’s behavior sticking their noses and their tongues through the gaps. Sue recoiled from both and tried to stick to the center of the path to give her as much distance from both as possible.

So, children keep to the middle of the road...children keep to the middle of the road...don't you look to the left, don't you look to the right, just keep to the middle of the road!

She wasn't sure which side she feared more. All she knew was that she felt like a new prison inmate about to get hazed.

Phil dragged her along and remarked, "Don't worry, dummy—I mean Ditzzy—we don't put puppy girls in with the dogs unless they've really misbehaved." Sue couldn't tell if he was joking or not.

Phil stopped and Sue got a moment to catch her breath as he fiddled with the gate to the right-side pen. Sue stared, wide-eyed, at a half-dozen bright-eyed puppy girls all yapping and stumbling over each other on the other side of the gate. No one was prompting them to act the way they were. They all seemed genuinely excited and utterly devoid of dignity. When Phil opened the gate they surged forward towards her. Sue braced as Phil took his own remote off his belt like a gunslinger drawing a pistol. He pointed it at them and a split second later they howled in unison as they all suffered a terrible shock.

"Get back inside, stupid bitches!" He scolded. "You can have her in a second!" With that, he unclipped her leash, put his big boot squarely in the middle of her butt and pushed her roughly inside. "Have fun, dumb-dumb!" He laughed as he slammed the gate behind her.

Sue landed face-first in the dirt. Her nose wasn't broken, but it sure felt like it was. Wincing and with tears and dust in her eyes she sat up to see that the excited puppy girls were around her in a circle. Each one of them was perky with tails wagging and tongues hanging out of their wide, smiling mouths.

Oh, God, Sue thought as she started to back slowly away from them. She jumped and tried to close her legs as she felt hot breath and sniffing against her backside. No sooner had her thighs touched each other when the robot voice of the sitter clicked on in her head, "Bad, puppy! Hind legs open!"

Sue yelped as she felt a shock go through her. Just like during the test sequence, the jolt emanated from the tail plug, the c-string, the nipple

covers, the collar, and even her ears. Not wanting to be “corrected” again, Sue opened her legs, but swung her butt away from inquisitive noses.

Think of myself like an animal? Sue thought again about Donna’s advice. Fine! If that’s what I have to do, I’ll do it! She growled as fearsomely at them as she could, but to her horror, none of them seemed remotely intimidated. Instead they all descended on Sue at once. Suddenly she was awash in a sea probing, sniffing noses, panting, yipping mouths, and drooly, wet tongues; they seemed to be particularly interested in her exposed nether regions. As she struggled to get away from the throng she found herself blocked by the upturned backsides of several puppy girls eagerly wagging their tails in her face.

I’m an animal! I’m an animal! She thought and bit one the nearest upturned behinds. The owner of the behind yelped and scurried away. The stitter’s voice clinked on in her head, “Bad, puppy! No biting!” Sue shrieked as the correction shock went through her, but so did the puppy girls who were unfortunate enough to be making contact with her when it happened. Phil, who was still watching from the other side of the gate laughed and said to no one, “Well, the little bitch has spunk!”

The other puppy girls looked at Sue warily over their shoulders before trotting away from her in different directions, all except for the one that she had bitten. She remained. If they were standing, Sue guessed that she would have easily been more than a head taller than her. She looked like an exotic Indian girl, with light brown skin, large dark eyes, wavy black hair and a full figure that made skinny Sue envious. Hanging from her dark red leather collar was a round metal tag that read “Naan.”

Named after bread...lucky her!

Naan’s mouth was open and smiling as she lolled her tongue in and out. A string of drool dripped from the tip of her tongue and onto the dirt in front of her. By almost every measure she looked like a friendly, happy, brainless animal, that is, until Sue made eye-contact with her. Naan’s full dark eye brows were furrowed and her eyes burned with fury. The look made Sue’s tail go between her legs as she was legitimately intimidated. Naan stalked towards Sue, but stopped after only a few strides and glanced up towards

the handler. She looked back at Sue, then turned, and then padded away. As her tail swished back and forth Sue caught sight of the mark she'd left right under the ComPet tattoo on Naan's butt. She stifled a laugh both so the large and intimidating puppy girl couldn't hear her and to avoid another shock by the sitter.

After the excitement of her introduction to the kennel ended, Sue took a deep breath and started her job in earnest. Though she was a little worried about running into Naan without the handler watching, she knew that she needed to get the lay of the land and find Cheesecake as soon as possible. Sue padded across the yard. The grass was well worn and bare in patches from the traffic of no-doubt, countless paws. Puppy girls of all shapes, sizes and colors were scattered over the enclosure. Most were in groups of threes and fours and playing with the dog toys that were strewn about. She saw one group bumping a beach ball back and forth with their noses to each other. Near them a pair played tug of war with a thick, well-chewed, knotted rope. They playfully snarled and growled as they pulled against each other with their bared teeth.

Jesus and those two could have been scientists or doctors or lawyers...

Sue looked over each group and pair she passed for her quarry. Even though they weren't who she was looking for, Sue couldn't help but stare.

What in the hell is wrong with all of them? She wondered. Why bother playing up this act if there's no reward in it?

She soon found that the enclosure was actually divided up into four different sections with a cinderblock building in the middle that looked to be where they would be kenneled for the night. Sue shuddered at the thought of being kenneled, but reminded herself not to think about what was coming and to instead focus on the moment. Dogs—Animals stay in the moment. She searched through two of the sections and all she found were more puppy girls lounging in the small patches of shade and playing more idiotic games.

It was hard to crawl like Donna had instructed her. Sue's knees were feeling sore and she was already very tired as she crawled into the third section and surveyed it. Then her heart leapt. On the far side of the yard she saw Cheesecake with a rubber pork chop in her mouth romping away from another puppy girl who was in hot pursuit. Sue crawled slowly towards her and contemplated how she could make friends with Cheesecake without completely losing her dignity. Was that even possible?

She was halfway across the yard and still uncertain what she would do when a loud buzzer sounded. Sue paused and looked around as all the puppy girls stopped what they were doing and sat up. For a moment it was deathly quiet. Sue looked up at the darkening sky and watched a single bird fly overhead chirping.

She watched the bird go and looked at the chain link fence surrounding all of them and thought, lucky bastard, sure wish I could fly away!

The gates on the outside fence crashed open, shattering the silence. Several men in gray overalls, boots and caps entered each section and started driving the puppy girls towards the center building. Sue lost sight of Cheesecake in the throng of tails and paws. Too busy scanning the pack, Sue was the only one that didn't move immediately and she felt the toe of a boot nudging her.

"Come on, dumb-dumb, time to go potty before bed!" It was Phil again. He looked down at her with the most shit-eating grin Sue had ever seen.

Sue's cheeks went red. Like a lot of aspects to the reality of puppy-girl-life, the idea had been in the back of her mind since Mr. Cross had told her about the assignment. She knew the whole time that if she were undercover for at least a few days eventually she'd have to go, but she'd managed not to think about it until the act was staring her right in the face.

She obeyed, but apparently she was too slow for Phil. She felt the leash clip back onto her collar.

"Move it, little bitch!" He snapped and punctuated his words with a rough pull.

Sue gagged and stumbled after him. Oh, Phil, when I get out of here...

On one side of the white painted cinderblock building in the center of the enclosure there were several sand pits. Sue had seen plenty of these “Potty Place” stations installed around the city to accommodate ComPet service animals. She never actually thought she’d have to use one! She watched in wide-eyed horror as the inmates of the kennel lined up in front of the stations. One-by-one they scampered to an open spot, raised their butts to the air, and whined loudly until one of the handlers would take pity on them and pull out their tail and the connected c-string with a muted pop! The puppy girls would wince as their plugs were pulled, but then bark appreciatively to the handler, and after being commanded to they would squat and do their “business.” After which, they’d cover their mess by pawing sand over it, and then handlers would “re-grease” the plugs and reinsert them.

Sue closed her eyes and shook her head. She actually had to pee, very badly, but she couldn’t do it there. She wouldn’t do it there! Unconsciously, she tightened herself around the plug.

Three dots...

She’d only just managed to squeeze twice when a quick, sharp tug pulled her forward, interrupting the sequence.

“Come on, dumb-dumb. It’s your turn!” Phil announced and dragged her onto the spot. He looked down at her with contempt. “We’re waiting, stupid!”

Sue was trembling and tried to make the signal again, but before she could start, Phil’s boot pressed against the back of her neck and her shoulder blades and forced her face into the sand. Sue tried to rise, but his boot held her down. Memories of how much it hurt to have the plug inserted were still fresh in her mind as she felt Phil’s hand grip her tail.

Please no!

Sue wailed as he yanked the tail out.

“Up, up!” Phil commanded as he tugged on her leash.

Sobbing and with tears flowing, Sue somehow managed to rise to a squatting position like the others.

“Hurry up, Ditzzy! We don’t have all night. Go potty, now!”

Even if she were comfortable going to the bathroom in front of dozens of others in a sand pit like an animal, Phil’s constant yelling made her unable to go.

Sniffing, she bounced a little as she tried to pee. She wasn’t used to squatting for long periods of time and her thighs were already burning.

Just relax... Just relax!

She opened her eyes and saw Naan looking right at her from the neighboring sandpit. Even though she maintained the same dopey expression, Naan’s eyes, as expressive as ever, were full of mocking and superiority, even as a puddle of urine pooled under her. Sue could just imagine what she was thinking about her.

Phil’s harsh words broken into her thoughts. “God, you really are dumb! I’ve never met a puppy girl who couldn’t figure out how to pee!” He shoved her face back down to the sand.

“Hey, Phil!” Another handler called. “Don’t forget to grease that plug back up. Remember what happened the last time!”

“Oh, thanks I almost forgot!”

Both men chuckled. Apparently whatever happened the “last time” was just hilarious.

Sue found herself missing Donna’s patronizing tone and her gentle touch as Phil roughly pushed the plug back up her. More than a bit dazed she was led into the kennel whimpering as she went. The large, dimly lit, concrete room was hot and close with only a rattling box fan at the other end to circulate the stale air. The odor of cleaning chemicals, urine, and puppy girl was ten

times stronger than it was outside making Sue's stomach turn a bit. She found herself breathing through her mouth, which made her sound like a panting dog. Rows of small metal kennels lined both sides and handlers were escorting puppy girls into them. Most of them were sullen but compliant. A few, much to Sue's surprise still looked just as dumb and happy as they had when they were outside playing games.

Her ears perked up as she passed a handler talking down to a pair of puppy girls. They were yipping happily and rubbing up against each other as he said, "Okay, okay, I know you made friends today. You can spend the night together!"

Both puppy girls barked happily in response as they were herded into the small space together. It occurred to Sue that if she made friends with Cheesecake, perhaps she could do the same thing. It would be a lot easier to keep an eye on her if they were in the same kennel after all. She thought it might be a good idea until she saw the size of the kennel, which made her grateful to be below average size. Phil unclipped the leash and with a rough swat on her butt, shooed her inside. It wasn't much larger than her carrier. Another puppy girl of average size could fit, but it would be awfully crowded.

Sue jumped as the door slammed behind her. Irritatingly, the door wasn't even locked. It was just latched. With her hands trapped in padded-paws it was all it took to keep her imprisoned. She spun around and put her face to the narrow, crisscrossed bars of the kennel door. Phil kicked it making her jump again and said, "Good night, dumb-dumb! See you in the morning!"

Once he had gone she returned to the door and looked out to see that several of the puppy girls remained outside the kennels. She was on the far end, so she could barely see them, but some of them were rubbing up against the legs of the handlers; others were raising their butts and wagging their tails in front of them. While at first they seemed to have nothing in common, other than acting like animals in heat, she noticed that while she'd been stamped with "SSR" for standard accommodations, standard contact, and remedial training, they all had "M" in the middle of their stamps.

Whatever it meant, Sue's mouth dropped open when she saw the handlers unzip their coveralls. She shut her eyes and backed into the kennel. Forgetting that the sitter was on she tried to say, "What the Hell?"

The sitter's voice clicked on, "Bad puppy! No talking!"

Sue yelped as the shock ran through her. No longer in front of others her shy bladder suddenly became much braver and released from the pain and pressure. She sobbed in utter humiliation as a warm puddle formed under her.

Apparently the c-sting was moisture sensitive. Moments after she started peeing the sitter's voice clicked on again, "Bad puppy! We go potty outside!" And she was shocked again.

Tears fell freely. She wanted dinner, she wanted a bed, and she wanted out of the gear and into a nice, hot shower more than anything. As she cried pitifully, she could hear the yelps of the puppy girls and the grunts of the handlers.

Part 6: The First Day

The inside of the kennel was stifling. The fan at the far wall of the room rattled ceaselessly, but barely moved the air. A dull light shined through the skinny bars of the crate door and cast their harsh shadow over Sue's pathetic form. She'd scrunched herself against the metal wall of the kennel to try to stay out of the puddle she'd made so she could sleep, but she kept rolling over into it every time she'd managed to doze off. Every time she made contact she awoke with a jolt, sweaty, sore, and stiff. The nightmare started over every single time.

She thought of all the other young women, women just like her that she'd returned to service. She knew the life of a service animal was awful. She saw it every day. She was afraid of it. Yet, she never really understood just how awful it really was.

Maybe...She gulped. Her mouth was dry and her tongue felt like a fly strip. Maybe I deserve this.

Groaning, Sue sat up and crawled to the door. Other than the continuing racket of the box fan and the snores of some of the nearby inmates, it was quiet in the room. What time was it? She smacked her lips and slid her tacky tongue against the roof of her mouth trying to generate some saliva. She turned back into the crate and looked disgustedly at her only source of drinking water. In her welfare checks she'd seen many. Ostensibly to save space and to prevent spillage, rather than giving puppy girls bowls to drink out of in their crates; it was more-common to give them water bottles similar to the kind often reserved for pet rodents. The only difference was that the tube that dangled down from the top of the crate wasn't metal, but rubber and very obviously phallus-shaped. Sue didn't want to have to resort to putting her mouth on it, but with the heat, she knew she needed to drink or face the effects of dehydration.

Awkwardly balancing over the cold puddle of urine, Sue eased her face under the black rubber protrusion. It's only rubber. She told herself, but she

shivered as the smooth head rested on her tongue and her lips wrapped around it. Hoping that the handlers cleaned the water dispensers after each night, she felt incredibly dirty as she sucked in her cheeks to coax water from it. The water was warm and slightly stale.

Jesus, they really thought of everything didn't they? Sue thought. She wondered why men—why society—was so perverted. What could they possibly get from treating her—treating women like this?

The questions faded as Sue found herself spacing out a bit as she continued to suck down water. It was kind of relaxing even while she was trying not to touch the puddle under her. Half of the reason why she liked her vape pen was because of a slight oral fixation—not that she'd ever admit it. She had never given a blowjob. The idea was disgusting, beneath her, but still... She closed her eyes and inched her mouth a little further up the shaft. She paused. She still felt dirty, but in a different way. She drew back down, running her lips and tongue down the smooth shaft.

It's not fair. I do this and I'm a slut. At least that's what her mother had told her. A puppy girl does it and she's a "good girl!"

Sue felt a light tingle between her legs. She experimentally wagged her tail and ran her mouth up the shaft again. Then back down. Then back up. She wagged her tail faster as the tingling grew in heat and intensity.

I'm just an animal...It doesn't matter...no one can see...

Sue gave a start when she heard the robotic voice click on inside her head, "Good puppy. Good puppy!" It praised.

She lurched back with water and her own saliva dribbling down her chin. She recoiled from the corner and returned, almost fearfully, to the small dry spot.

Why had she heard Detective Jericho's—Robert's—voice instead of the petsitter's voice when she was praised? Was it the heat? Or perhaps wishful thinking?

What in the hell is wrong with me?

Sue awoke with a start from a fitful sleep to the rattle of crate doors being opened all throughout the room. She shook her head to clear away the cobwebs of sleep and the still-fresh memories of the previous night. Moments later, a pair of boots appeared in front of her crate. Tensing, she took a deep breath and waited.

The door opened, “Good morning, dumb-dumb! It’s time for breakfast!”

Doesn’t this asshole have a home to go to?

Still groggy, Sue hesitated for one moment too long and Phil reached inside to get her. She gasped as he grabbed her collar and dragged her out and right through the puddle.

“What the...Shit!” Phil exclaimed. “Bad dog!” He swatted her across the behind making her yelp. Then he flipped her around to face her mess. “Bad dog!” He scolded then grabbed the back of her head and shoved her face first back into the puddle.

Sue stifled another “No!” in her throat as he rubbed her nose in it as if she were a real dog who’d wet the carpet. Sue rooted her paws under her and tried to push herself up, but Phil easily pushed her right back down, wetting her face and hair as he maliciously rolled her back and forth in it. Just as savagely, he yanked her back up. Her cheeks, nose, and chin dripped and her wet pigtailed drooped along with her crooked hair ribbons. “Bad dog!” Phil repeated and took possession of her collar again. He walked her over to the far wall where a short garden hose was coiled and hung. Other puppy girls emerging from their kennels watched as she passed. Some of them seemed to be smirking. Or was it just the usual dumb smile they always wore? Were they laughing at her? Were pathetic puppy girls laughing at her? The handlers she could almost take, but them? Sue was uncertain if they did find some amusement in her predicament, but she hung her head in shame anyway. Phil took a short length of chain attached to the wall and clipped it to her collar.

The click of heels on the concrete floor, and an overly-cheerful woman's voice, made Sue glance to the side. It was Renee, the receptionist, with a phone in her hands. She was stopping inmates on their way outside and snapping pictures of them.

“Come on, Sassy; give a big smile for your daddy!” Renee coaxed a sulky looking puppy girl who clearly wasn't a morning person. As Phil uncoiled the hose, Renee approached. “Oh, what happened here?” She asked Phil. “Did little Ditzzy have an accident?”

Oh, God, kill me now...

Renee held her nose exaggeratedly and exclaimed, “P U!”

Phil laughed. “I think the little bitch learned her lesson.”

“Aw, I wish you didn't have to be so mean to them!” She looked at Sue sympathetically.

“It's the only way they'll learn!” Phil spat on the ground and reached for the valve.

“You're right, but I still feel so sorry for the poor things!” Renee aimed the camera. Sue cringed and looked down. “No, no, Ditzzy. Look up at me, girl! Come on! We need to take your picture for your morning report so your daddy can see you're alright!”

My daddy? Oh, no! Sue realized that she was talking about Robert. Oh, God, I can't let him see me like this! Sue strained against the chain and then covered her face with her paws. She heard the camera click followed by the clicks of a text message.

Renee knelt down next to her and flipped the phone around. “See, Ditzzy?”

Sue slowly lowered her paws and looked at the picture. She looked so pathetic while she was wet and cowering behind her stupid paws. The text that was going with it only made things worse. “Ditzzy had a little accident!”

It read. “I think she misses you! She’s getting a little shower before breakfast!”

Don’t hit send!

Renee tapped “send” with her index finger.

The so-called shower was icy cold, but after the heat of the night she appreciated having the sour smelling sweat and urine rinsed away. It also distracted her from thinking about Robert looking and laughing at her morning report picture. He’d probably show it to her boss Mr. Cross, and maybe even the client, Mr. Polk. She was sure they’d all have a good laugh at her expense. Phil was very thorough. He made sure to get all of her nooks and crannies. Sue gasped and shrieked when the stinging water struck her most private cranny, but she thankfully managed not to set the sitter off with an unapproved noise.

After Renee returned to quickly retie Sue’s hair and ribbons, Phil leashed her and led her outside, noting that she was too “stupid” to make it to breakfast on her own. The sun was just rising and it was already getting hot outside. The cold water had quickly become cool, then tepid, until it finally just felt like more sweat dripping off her small, crawling form.

Sue’s stomach was grumbling. She’d only had a late breakfast the day before and she was famished. Knowing what was considered an “acceptable” diet for service animals by the standards of the HPPS didn’t make Sue less-hungry, but it did make her dread what she knew was coming. Even so-called spoiled puppy girls like Boji still had to eat what was essentially dog food. Sue remembered Mr. Richter lecturing her while she was searching for clues in Boji’s room after her disappearance.

“I never give Boji even the tiniest morsel of table scraps, Miss Sharp.” He’d explained. “Why, my company’s puppy girl kibble takes care of all of her nutritional needs and keeps her from getting chubby!” He laughed and his large belly jiggled. “Besides, giving her people food would just confuse the poor little thing, you know?”

Sue shook her head as if to shake out the memory. What an asshole!

The other puppy girls were just finishing relieving themselves at the sand pits and were making their way over to a long line of stainless steel dog bowls. Phil paused for a moment and asked Sue if she needed to potty but then quickly added, “Oh, I forgot! You already went all over yourself didn’t you, dumb-dumb?” He dragged her to join the others and parked her in front of an empty bowl. He unclipped her leash and said in her ear, “Don’t forget to clean your plate, bitch.”

Cringing, Sue sat up and looked at the puppy girls on either side of her. Some looked a bit gloomy, but a few looked downright excited as they bounced and whined. She found herself beginning to hate their perkiness.

Why can’t you be miserable like the rest of us?

Men in coveralls came from both ends of the line dishing up pathetically small cups of kibble from a large bag featuring a smiling, apple-cheeked puppy girl on the side. Some puppy girls got more and some got less. Sue thought back to the accommodations Robert had selected for her. They were still several bowls away from hers and already the stink of kibble was thick in the air. It really did smell like the absolute cheapest dog food. Suddenly Sue was glad that she hadn’t been signed up for better accommodations. It just would have meant more gravel to eat.

The rattle of kibble on steel closed in on her from both sides along with the increasingly pungent smell. The puppy girls that were already excited were near frantic as they bounced and slobbered in anticipation. Sue glanced from side to side and spotted Cheesecake several bowls down the line. Her slightly curly blonde hair positively glowed in the bright morning sun. Out of all the excited puppy girls she was the bounciest and the loudest. On the other side, several bowls down the line Sue saw Naan, who was looking at her. The dark-eyed puppy girl somehow managed to glare at her intensely while managing to maintain her usual dumb, drooly smile and perky bouncing that almost equaled Cheesecake’s display.

Sue tore her eyes away as one of the handlers dropped a mere half-cup of kibble into the dish in front of her. With the last few bowls filled the yard was almost silent except for the sounds of dozens of puppy girls panting in the morning heat and the distant drone of insects.

Finally, one of the handlers called out, “Alright, pups, muzzles in bowls!”

Puppy girls, perky, peevish and those in between, dove face first into their smelly breakfasts. Seeing that she was the only one still sitting up, Sue quickly lowered her face to the bowl, but stopped short of touching the stinking mess.

Always a picky eater, Sue thought frantically, oh, it smells even worse up close! I can’t do this! I can’t do this! Then Donna’s words entered her mind again and she thought Dogs don’t care what they eat. They just eat...

Trying not to breathe through her nose, Sue gingerly opened her mouth and fished a single piece of bone-shaped kibble from the pile. The moment her teeth crunched through it her mouth was filled with a bitter, rancid taste and she almost wretched. Bits of kibble suspended in her drool dripped into the bowl as she panted.

Steeling herself, she tried again. Dogs don’t care what they eat! I’m just a dumb little doggy! I don’t care what I eat! I’m a dumb dog! She thought as she buried her “muzzle” in the pile and took a huge mouthful—reasoning that since one piece was basically unbearable, she might as well get the meal over with as quickly as possible.

The voice of the sitter clicked on, “Good puppy! Good puppy! Eat up!”

Frantically, Sue chewed until her jaws ached and then tried to swallow. Her empty stomach rebelled and she felt the kibble coming back up again, but she willed herself not to get sick. Even as the foul odor of the food and the sticky heat of the morning bore down on her. She took another mouthful and concentrated completely on getting through that one mouthful. She didn’t think about the next mouthful she’d have to eat. She didn’t think about the case or getting close to Cheesecake. She didn’t think about how stupid she must look with her face down and her rear end up in the air. She didn’t think about what she’d say to Robert when the case was over. It was perhaps the most focused she’d ever been in her entire life.

Chew! Chew! Chew! Swallow!

Before she even realized it, her bowl was empty and she sat back on her haunches gratefully while taking care not to bump her tail on the ground. Her stomach churned, but she felt so accomplished that she didn't care. Handlers came by to wipe off each puppy girl's face before dismissing them to "go play." She found herself in Phil's grip as he took a not-so-clean rag from his belt and ran it roughly over her face.

"I didn't think you had it in you, Ditzzy." He smiled and pointed at the empty bowl. "Good girl!" He praised and tapped the remote. Her c-string, plug, and nipple-covers all vibrated pleasantly for ten amazing seconds making her squirm and wag her tail reflexively. Sue bit her lower lip in frustration when the buzzing stopped. He playfully slapped her still wagging butt, "Go play!"

Sue trotted away from the eating area still awkwardly trying to wag away the tingling in her crotch. She made it a point to be up on her toes and to keep her knees up off the ground just like Donna had shown her. It was a little easier after the bit of practice she'd gotten the day before. As her elation from being praised and rewarded with a few moments of vibration slowly faded, she paused and asked herself for the second time that morning, what in the hell is wrong with me?

Instead of dwelling on thoughts that could lead her down strange mental roads she didn't want to travel, Sue focused on her job. She was the last one to finish and be dismissed, so when she looked around, Cheesecake was already long gone.

Sue smirked, thinking of the blonde puppy girl's big mouth and voluptuous figure. She probably ate her breakfast in two big bites!

With no alternative but to wander around like she did the first evening in the kennel, Sue set out to search each of the four sections. It was slow going. She was very sore from all the crawling the day before and from spending the night on the hard metal floor of the crate. After crawling through one enclosure and not finding her prey, she stopped to rest for a moment in a small scrap of shade. The other puppy girls basically ignored

her. Sue wondered if maybe her tough girl routine the previous day had actually made an impression on them.

Ha! That's right, I'm an alpha bitch! Fear me! She grinned to herself and crawled on to the next enclosure, disregarding the thought that it was probably the shock from her sitter that had discouraged them if anything.

She saw Cheesecake on the far side. She was prancing around happily with a few other puppy girls. They were playfully nipping and sniffing each other as they romped around the enclosure. Sue curled her lip as she slowly made her way to them. She felt like she was approaching a group of popular girls in high school.

This group probably has higher IQs and better personalities though, she joked, and at least I don't have to think of anything to say to them!

She studied their movements. She wasn't nearly as agile as they were, but joining in with whatever game they were playing would at least keep her closer to Cheesecake. With a deep breath she widened her eyes, opened her mouth and started panting and lolling her tongue so that she'd blend in with the others. She was halfway across the yard when suddenly she was struck hard in her side. With the wind knocked out of her, Sue rolled right over onto her back and into a patch of dust.

Blinking and confused she looked up to see Naan glowering down at her. Her dark eyes were intense and her body was taut like a cobra ready to strike. Sue felt her tail going between her legs again and a whimper slip past her parted lips.

Oh, shit! Sue thought and tried to flip back over onto her paws. She'd only managed to get half way back up when Naan rushed at her and knocked her down again.

Sue yelped and rolled onto her back again as Naan climbed on top of her and licked her across the face triumphantly. Sue scrunched up her face and struggled to get away, but Naan was much bigger, much stronger, and clearly very experienced with wearing the puppy gear. After several slobbery, kibble-scented licks, Naan flipped around.

Naan's barely covered crotch hovered over Sue's face. She shook her head frantically as Naan's smelly rear end came closer and closer. Suddenly Sue saw a yellowish blur out of the corner of her eye and Naan went toppling off of her. Free, Sue scrambled to her paws. Cheesecake had been the blur and she was snarling and wrestling with Naan in the dirt a short distance away.

Realizing that this was her chance to make friends, Sue jumped into the fray. With padded paws, and petsitters to prevent them from biting, the fight surely looked more-cute than threatening to any onlookers. It was a clumsy and soft whirlwind of tails, collars, hair ribbons, sweat and slobber. No one had the upper hand when suddenly all three of them yowled in pain from a powerful shock.

They all recoiled from each other and sat up. One of the handlers looked down at them with an outstretched remote in one hand and three leashes in the other.

“Bad puppies!” He scolded. “Puppies do not fight!” He pressed a series of buttons again and a shock ripped through all three of them again making them howl. With all three of them stunned, the handler quickly snapped leashes on their collars and dragged them into the crate room where he attached their leashes to high hooks on the walls, which gave them little slack to move. Cheesecake and even Naan both looked frightened and were even whimpering quietly, which filled Sue with fear. What could these bastards possibly do that scared two experienced service animals?

Phil arrived moments later. He was whistling casually and carrying three plastic bags with a small hose attached to each one. Cheesecake and Naan began to whine louder as it dawned on Sue what they were. Many owners gave their puppy girls regular enemas supposedly for cleanliness and health. Sue was certain that like nearly everything else, it was just an excuse to do something gross and perverted.

Sue quaked in fear as she watched Naan, strong, intimidating Naan, be reduced to a crying, pathetic mess as they pulled her tail plug out roughly and inserted the nozzle at the end of the tube. Naan squealed and shook her head as they released the liquid and her belly started to swell. Cheesecake

trembled as she looked over at Sue and gave her a comforting look with tear rimmed eyes. Sue had almost as bad a track record making friends as she did getting boyfriends. There was something simple and genuine in the moment that she'd never really felt before.

When Naan's bag was empty they yanked the nozzle and quickly replaced it with the tail plug. Naan moaned miserably. Cheesecake's face contorted as she received the same treatment as Naan. When Donna had put her tail in Sue had wondered if anything could be worse. As they finished with Cheesecake and replaced her tail plug Sue knew that she was about to find out.

"Oh, Ditzzy, I call you a 'good girl' a few hours ago and already you're acting up again! You really are a dumb dog!" Phil remarked and yanked her tail plug out.

Sue fearfully tried to lower her rear end to get away from the nozzle, but Phil placed his boot on the back of her head forcing it down and making her butt rise. Her eyes and mouth popped open as she felt the lubricated nozzle slide into her tight, little opening. It was smaller than the plug, but still didn't feel good. She closed her eyes and mewled.

"Shut up, stupid! It's your own fault!" Phil scolded her as the water flowed into her.

Sue stifled another "no" in her throat as she felt her bowels swelling from the liquid until she felt like she would burst like a balloon. They finished and replaced her plug tail so quickly she didn't even have a full moment to try to push out the liquid.

"Alright pups, back out to the yard!" Phil dismissed the other handler and dragged the three panting, tearful puppy girls into the bright, late morning sun. He produced a rawhide bone from his pocket and said, "Might as well get your play time and your punishment time done at the same time! I'm sure you little bitches will appreciate the efficiency!" He unclipped their leashes and wagged the bone over them.

Cheesecake and Naan sniffed at it, both clearly trying to still appear happy and eager even as their tears rolled down their cheeks. Sue had a sinking feeling that he was going to expect them to play fetch in their swollen state.

“Get the scent, dummy!” Phil noticed that Sue wasn’t sniffing and pressed it into her nose making her wince. “All right.” He held the bone over his head for several seconds as if to build anticipation. “Fetch!” He threw the bone to the other side of the enclosure where it banged against the fence.

What the hell? Was he a professional baseball pitcher?

“Fetch!” He repeated.

Sue, Naan, and Cheesecake all groaned and crawled slowly with painfully bulging, sloshing bellies. Phil urged them to move faster, threatening them with a shock, from under the comfortable shade of the central building. Other puppy girls stopped and gawked as the trio passed. They were all still smiling and panting, but Sue could sense a certain apprehension coming off the onlookers. Perhaps some of them or all of them had been through something similar.

Sue couldn’t keep up with the other two and soon fell behind. Panting, she slowed and then stopped. She couldn’t take it anymore. She started bawling. The pain, the humiliation, the fact that she couldn’t outperform lowly puppy girls, all came to a head. She didn’t know how long she was lost in self-pity when she felt a soft paw on her shoulder. It was Cheesecake with the same reassuring, sympathetic and tearful eyes. Even the little bit of encouragement was enough to get Sue moving again. Naan got to the bone and slogged her way back as Sue and Cheesecake trailed her.

“Good girl! Good puppy!” Phil ruffled her hair. “Since you got the bone I’m going to let you go with just one pass!” Naan perked up at this and eagerly followed him to the sand pits where she was graciously allowed to empty her bowels. With a swat on her butt a very grateful Naan was dismissed. She looked over her shoulder at Sue and Cheesecake, made sure that the handler wasn’t looking at her, and then sneered nastily at them as she crawled away into the neighboring enclosure.

“Now, since you two were so slow. You can do this two more times. Fetch!”

Sue’s heart dropped, and not only because she was going to have to fetch twice more. She felt genuinely awful that Cheesecake would have to fetch twice more too. Sue looked at her with sad eyes as if to say, “I’m sorry...”

Cheesecake looked back at her with weary but understanding eyes as if to say, “It’s okay...”

The two trips back and forth in the hot sun were grueling, but Sue and Cheesecake continued to encourage each other and somehow they made it through the ordeal. Finally, they were both unplugged and allowed to release the liquid. Sue didn’t even care that Phil was leering down at her, or that there were other puppy girls around watching. She was grateful, perhaps more grateful than she’d ever been for anything in her whole life.

For the remainder of the day Cheesecake stayed next to Sue. It was almost like Cheesecake was guarding her instead of the other way around. Sue wasn’t sure if it was her voluptuous companion or fear of a second punishment from the handlers, but Naan had avoided them during the second meal, potty breaks, the second play period, and every other possible time. After their ordeal neither were inclined to move much, so they lounged in the patches of shade they could find. It was kind of nice not having the pressure to make conversation and surprisingly Cheesecake wasn’t terribly pushy about sniffing or licking at Sue. The one time her nose had gotten close to Sue’s nether regions, Sue wheeled around so violently that even Cheesecake’s normally cheerful face fell. From that moment on they seemed to have an understanding between them.

When the evening came, Sue was achy and tired as she padded into the crate room next to Cheesecake for bedtime. She didn’t care if all that awaited her was the hot, cramped crate with the hard metal floor. She just wanted to sleep, but she remembered her job and stayed close to Cheesecake.

The handler who had assisted in administering the enemas stood over both of them. Sue wanted to bite his nose off for taking part, but instead she

quickly rubbed her flank against Cheesecake's and yipped happily just like she had seen the pair of puppy girls do the night before.

“Aw, did you two little partners in crime make friends today? Do you want to share a crate tonight?”

Sue yipped in response. For a moment she wondered if she shouldn't have let Cheesecake sniff her, or perhaps if she should have sniffed Cheesecake. What if Cheesecake had been offended? To Sue's relief, Cheesecake joined her in yipping.

The handler glanced at the stamp on both their backsides. He guided Sue into the crate and closed the door behind her. Sue moved to the gate and looked out at him quizzically.

“Don't worry, pup, your friend will be along soon! She's got 'special' playtime first.” He winked.

Sue watched from behind the narrow bars as the majority of puppy girls were crated just as they had been the night before. She was closer to the middle of the row than she had been so she had a straight on view of the handlers and the few remaining puppy girls on the floor. From what she could see they all had an “M” in the middle of their stamps.

Suddenly feeling very protective of her new friend, Sue pushed against the bars. I'll kill these bastards if they hurt her!

To Sue's surprise, Cheesecake was even more happy and peppy than usual. Though she'd seemed as tired as Sue when they were crawling into the crate room, her usual spirit seemed to have been restored. She rolled over on her back and spread her hind legs obscenely in front of the handler. Her eyes were especially wide, almost pleading, as she whined and shimmied seductively.

The handler smiled. “Come on, Cheesecake. Flirt! Flirt if you want it!”

The chubby puppy girl scrambled up onto her hands and knees, put her face to the dirty floor and raised her butt to the handler. She wagged her tail

shamelessly at him as she looked at him over her shoulder eagerly as she barked loudly.

“That’s right, Cheesecake!” The handler praised and unzipped his pants. “Good girl!”

All around other puppy girls were putting on similar shows to entice the handlers. Some of them looked upset or embarrassed, a few looked genuinely excited like Cheesecake, but all of them were doing it. Sue told herself that she should look away, but she couldn’t stop staring.

The handler pulled Cheesecake’s tail and c-string out and tossed them aside. Stroking himself he knelt down behind her. Cheesecake’s face lit up in absolute ecstasy as the handler gripped her chubby hips and drove into her without any foreplay or warning. She yelped loudly as she tossed her head back. As the handler rode her she looked over at Sue, her face was flushed, her drooling mouth was open, but her eyes twinkled as if to ask Sue, “Are you jealous?” Or maybe that’s just what Sue imagined she was asking. She couldn’t ignore the tingling between her legs or the fluttering in her stomach as she watched Cheesecake being mated like a real animal.

Sue backed into the kennel and closed her eyes, but she could still hear all the panting and the moaning. She realized that she was panting too and the tingling between her legs had become throbbing. Her paw slowly drifted down her belly towards the need between her legs. Then she stopped. Something told her she shouldn’t. It was as if she was about to start something that she wouldn’t be able to stop.

Come on...no one’s watching...no one will know...No one judges animals anyway...

Reasoning that she deserved a little fun after the last few days she’d had, Sue tried to lie back like she normally would when she was...finger painting, but grunted as her tail bumped the ground.

Silly puppy! She joked to herself. Dumb dogs do it on all fours!

She shifted onto her paws and knees. The throbbing between her legs was becoming unbearable. She'd never felt it so intensely before and that shut out her trepidation. She put her face to the floor and raised her tail to the air and started wagging it as if enticing some non-existent owner.

She tried to think about her normal fantasy. Her brow furrowed. She tried to imagine herself floating down the aisle in her lovely wedding dress like she always did. That elegant, classy image of her was distorted—wrong. Instead she crawled down the aisle panting and drooling, dragged by a choke chain. Her dignified dress was replaced with white puppy gear trimmed with copious amounts of lace and ribbons.

Instead of being mortified of where her mind had gone, Sue pressed her burning cheek to the metal floor to balance as her paw drifted down between her legs. She rubbed it back and forth against the c-string as her neediness only grew.

At the altar, the vague figure of her fantasy man was replaced. Her heart stopped when she saw Robert standing with a golden collar in his hand and an arrogant smile on his face. He swung it back and forth in front of her eyes like a pendulum. She was hypnotized by it. So much so that she was completely docile as he slipped it around her neck.

His lips brushed her ear as he buckled it on and whispered; “Now you’re my pet forever!”

Sue came back to the moment. The stupid c-string and the paws frustrated her. She pressed herself into her paw desperately, grinding against it.

I’m his! I’m his! I’m his pet! I’m his pet!

Her eyes crossed as she inhaled sharply. Her whole body went rigid and then shook as she had the most violent and powerful orgasm she’d ever experienced.

Before she could recover, the crate door creaked open and Sue scrambled up, not wanting anyone to know what she’d just done. A sweaty, panting Cheesecake crawled in next to her and lay down with a contented sigh. She

smelled heavily of sex, which soon filled the tiny, overheated space and overpowered Sue's own scent.

“Goodnight, pups!” The handler said before leaving them.

Still reeling from her own orgasm Sue felt strange and tried to get comfortable in the small space. Cheesecake sniffed the air and gave her a look as if she knew what Sue had been up to. Not sure if that's what the look meant, Sue looked away and instead focused on getting comfortable. Without words, Cheesecake managed to show Sue the best way for them to lie in the crate to get the most out of the space. Even still, Sue found her front and back paws intertwined with Cheesecake's and her head resting against the side of her friend's ample breasts.

Once they were settled, Cheesecake gave Sue a quick lick on the cheek and closed her eyes. Not wanting to be rude, Sue did the same, shivering a bit as she tasted Cheesecake's sweat. In the moments before sleep took her, Sue thought once more about Robert and the gold collar. Then she wondered for the third time that day just what the hell was wrong with her.

Part 7: The Petnapping

Days passed and quickly began to blur together. Not that Sue minded. Not thinking about how much time had passed made the job easier. It also meant that she didn't have to think about her more-long term problems. Cheesecake guarded Sue from Naan, while Sue watched out for F.E.R.A.L. While posing as a service animal didn't exactly feel normal, Sue had started to get a little more used to the gear and the routine of the kennel. They spent their days romping around the yards inside the enclosure, resting in the shade, playing with the handlers, eating, and sleeping. Each night Sue guiltily watched Cheesecake and the others stamped with "M" get mated, and each night she would rub herself to orgasm to the thought of Robert mating her. She reasoned that when the case was over and she was back in proper clothes and walking on two legs again she would forget the strange, primitive feelings that kept welling up inside of her. And yet every time the intense, leg shaking pleasure surged through her there was a tiny part of her wondered if she could so easily give up such an amazing feeling.

After another "successful" mating, Cheesecake was sweaty and haggard when she crawled into the crate and lay down for the night. Sue wondered if the job would exceed one week. Robert would probably get a good laugh when he made the call to extend her time, as if he wasn't already laughing at her when he received pictures of her throughout the day. She grimaced as she thought about him seeing her eating from a dog dish, getting hosed off, playing fetch, or just resting with Cheesecake. She resolved that she'd make sure those pictures were deleted once the assignment was over.

He probably doesn't even care, Sue. She told herself. He probably has a dozen girlfriends who are all prettier than you.

Something was wrong.

She'd gotten so accustomed to feeling like someone was looking over her shoulder, watching her every move, that the sudden absence of the petsitter's presence in her head was immediately noticeable even without

the robotic voice telling her that it was, “Shutting down.” Sue remained still for a moment and then sat up slowly.

Something really was wrong.

She heard the heavy metal door to the kennel room open, then the sound of several pairs of boots against the concrete floor, and finally the sounds of individual crate doors being opened followed by several women speaking.

“Go sisters! You’re free!” Sue recognized the voice. It was that cheerful receptionist, Renee. There was awkward, hoarse, and confused sounding speech in response to her triumphant call to action followed by more voices urging pets from their cages.

A few pairs of black boots appeared in front of Sue and Cheesecake’s crate.

“It’s this one!” Renee said. “Come on. Let’s get it in the truck!”

Realizing that it was finally time to send the signal, Sue steadied herself and squeezed out the three dots, three dashes, and three dots. Amazingly, she did it without feeling too repulsed. She’d just finished when the crate was unhooked from the floor and lifted. The motion finally awoke Cheesecake who had been snoring quietly the whole time. She looked utterly bewildered as both she and Sue were jostled around.

Feeling certain that she wouldn’t be shocked, Sue put her paw on Cheesecake’s and said, “Don’t worry! We’re going to be alright!” It was nice to be able to express herself in words rather than barks and whines, but Sue couldn’t shake the feeling that it was wrong to speak.

To Sue’s surprise, Cheesecake recoiled from her. Her paws went to her collar and she clawed at it uselessly. Tearfully she said in a strained voice that clearly hadn’t been used in a very long time, “On! T-t-Turn...turn on!” She croaked.

The crate had been tossed into the back of a van. Just before the doors closed, Renee said through the grating of the crate, “Sit tight! We’ll get you

both out of here!”

Both Sue and Cheesecake soon found themselves in near complete darkness as they were tossed around from one side of the crate to the other. Whoever was driving was clearly a maniac! So much so that it made Robert’s pothole hunting seem tame.

Cheesecake cried in the dark and continued to mumble, “Back on! Back on!”

Sue didn’t know what to think. She wondered why would anyone want the petsitter turned back on.

She moved in the dark and put her paw on what she hoped was Cheesecake’s shoulder, “Hey, hey, you were there for me when they made us...fetch...I’m here for you! Uh, my real name is Sue. What’s yours?”

There was some sniffing and sobbing, “Ch—Cheese—Cheesecake!”

“I meant your real name, what was your real name before?”

There was silence.

“Cheesecake.” She repeated.

Sue decided to switch gears. “Why are you so upset? Aren’t you happy not to have that stupid thing shocking you and watching your every move?”

“You...don’t understand...gear so long...”

“It’ll take some time, but you’ll get used to being free again!” Sue felt a pang of guilt. If it was in fact F.E.R.A.L that grabbed them, they could set her free, but if Sue completed the assignment then Cheesecake would be put back in the gear and all the “terrorists” would be arrested.

“No!” Cheesecake wailed. “Cheesecake wants gear on!”

It was Sue’s turn to recoil. She wasn’t sure what to say to her companion’s declaration.

Sue decided to switch gears again, “Look...I, uh, I’m with the HPPS,” She started. “I’ve sent a signal to my partner with the police. They’ll be coming after us, you’ll see!”

That seemed to calm her. It wasn’t at all how Sue imagined the interaction would go. For days Sue had wondered if she would have to make a difficult choice. As she grew to like Cheesecake while they played, ate, and slept together she had started to want F.E.R.A.L to appear and to succeed in freeing her. Even though Sue knew that failing at her assignment could have awful consequences. It seemed, however, that no such dilemma would ever arise.

Part 8: Sapphire

The drive was long and bumpy. With a lot of coaxing, Sue managed to get Cheesecake to keep talking, even though the bigger girl periodically insisted that it wasn't allowed. As Cheesecake spoke the words began to come more clearly from her still-drooling mouth. Apparently, Sue found that talking was a lot like riding a bike.

“You're not the first woman I've met to extend service, but what made you sign a lifetime contract?” Sue thought of Boji and how she had been blackmailed into signing one. She expected to hear about how Ryan Polk, Cheesecake's owner, had done something similar.

“Because I love it, Ditzzy!” Cheesecake blurted out. “...I have...vet says I have a really high sex drive...and I love sex. Being a puppy girl for life, and having an owner who doesn't mind sharing me with just about everyone, means I get more cock than I know what to do with!”

“Oh...” was all Sue could answer. She thought of Donna and wondered if the perky groomer still went by her puppy girl name during sexual encounters.

“As a woman there's all the talking and deciding, but as a puppy girl I'm always open and there's no talking involved!” She laughed. “When I was given the choice between slaving away at some job like you, uh, no offense...and being taken care of and regularly fucked, well it wasn't a choice!”

“Uh, huh...” Sue nodded. It wasn't that she was confused by the response. It was that it sort of made sense.

They continued to chat, until sometime later, the van finally halted. Sue and Cheesecake looked at each other and exchanged tense glances.

“Don't worry,” Sue whispered. Dealing with F.E.R.A.L terrorists or not, she was actually looking forward to getting out of the gear.

The crate was roughly pulled from the van and the two of them were unceremoniously dumped onto the dirt floor of what looked like inside of a large barn.

“Don’t worry!” It was Renee, the receptionist standing over both of them. She’d traded her heels and business casual attire for combat boots and black fatigues. “You’re among friends!” She looked over her shoulder and spoke to another woman standing by the van. “See, this the other one I told you about.” She motioned to Sue. “I had to bring her along. I think Phil might have done something awful to her if I wasn’t around to watch him!”

The other woman stepped out of the shadow of the van. Dressed the same as Renee, she was tall, with Auburn hair tied back in a ponytail. Her intense, steel blue eyes looked over both of Sue and Cheesecake for long, uncomfortable seconds. When she finally spoke her voice was cold and evenly measured. “No, you’re right, but not for the reason you think...” She stared at Sue intently for a few moments. Then she pointed at Cheesecake. “Help her out of that thing and get her some clothes!”

“Wait!” Cheesecake piped up. “Please...please don’t take off the gear! Please turn the sitter back on...”

The auburn haired woman looked at her sternly. “That’s just the programming talking. Believe me...” She ran her tongue over her teeth and rubbed her stomach idly. “Get to it!”

Two more women dressed in black fatigues appeared and dragged Cheesecake away. All the while the chubby, blonde pet girl cried and screamed, “No! No! Turn it back on! Turn it back on!”

Sue felt sorry for her as she watched her friend being dragged away. Ridiculously, she even felt a need to try and stop the women in black, but the auburn-haired woman was right. It was just programming. With enough time Cheesecake would go back to being herself, whoever that was, but Sue wasn’t sure if that was right anymore. Who was she, or anyone else for that matter, to decide what was best for Cheesecake other than Cheesecake?

“And you...” The woman grabbed Sue’s tag roughly. “Ditzy?” She laughed. “No...I think it’s...Inspector Sue Sharp.” She smiled wickedly. “I’m Sapphire. You don’t know anything about me yet, but I know a lot about you!”

Forgetting for a moment that she could speak Sue almost barked back. She cleared her throat, “How did you know...?”

“F.E.R.A.L has eyes and ears everywhere!” Sapphire declared. “We keep really close tabs on gender-traitors like you!”

“But I’m not a...”

“Not a gender-traitor? Not really with them? Save it! I heard your lies when you led them to Megan and Sarah!” There was something erratic in Sapphire’s movements, tone and expression that seemed off and it made Sue anxious. She was suddenly very aware of how helpless she was in the gear, even with the petsitter being disabled.

“That would mean that you were in the warehouse that night, right?” Sue ventured.

“So, we’re not so ditzy after all, huh? Yes, I was there. I slipped away just as the police arrived. I knew what would happen if I was caught!” She ran her tongue over her teeth again and raised her shirt to show the top of a heart-shaped, paw brand. It was old and faded, but the outline was still clear, just like Donna’s.

Sue stared at the brand. Suddenly she was more afraid than she was when she’d been first brought to the boarding kennel.

Sapphire dropped her shirt and lowered her face to Sue’s. “If you’re thinking that your chip is going to save you this time, don’t. When we disabled the sitters, we disabled the tracking chips. Your people are going to have dozens and dozens of freed ‘service animals’ to track down and no way to track them! And that’s just the beginning...” She trailed off. “But what should we do with you?”

“Well, you could just let me go. I promise I’ll put a good word in for you with the HPPS!” Sue smirked.

“You really are completely unapologetic aren’t you?”

“No. I’m just...trying to survive,” Sue admitted.

“Well, my little survivor, don’t worry, you’ll get to do that while you’re our guest, but just barely!”

The sun was just starting to show through the cracks in the barn walls when Sue collapsed into a sweaty, bruised heap onto a pile of straw. She’d been walked from one end of the barn to the other for hours. Every time one of the F.E.R.A.L women got tired they traded out. Her throat was bruised. They used a choke chain and a crop and none of them hesitated to give a sharp yank and a swift stroke every time she slowed down.

Sue lay on the straw in a daze. She jumped when she felt something poke her ribs. Weakly she looked up to see Sapphire standing above her, still dressed like a 21st century discount revolutionary.

“Good morning, inspector!” She chimed. “I thought we might have a little talk while I have my breakfast.” She sat down at a small table nearby while another woman brought a sumptuous meal on a tray.

Sue’s nose twitched at the smell of bacon, eggs, waffles, and coffee. Her stomach grumbled. She hadn’t eaten in awhile and she hadn’t had a good caffeine fix in so long.

Sapphire pointed at a spot by her chair as she sat down. “Come here, dog.”

Sue gulped and crawled meekly to the spot. It was not lost on her that she was acting submissively or that ironically the F.E.R.A.L women had treated her worse than Phil or any of the handlers at the boarding kennel had.

Sapphire dug into her breakfast. Sue felt herself starting to drool. Sapphire paid her apparently no mind and casually ate for several long, agonizing

minutes.

“Mmmm, so good!” She remarked as she took another bite, “So, can you sleep at night knowing what you are—what you’ve done?” Without waiting for an answer, Sapphire continued, “I don’t see how anyone could—and you did it all to your own kind!”

Sue didn’t sleep well for just that reason, but she didn’t like to be reminded about it. She cleared her dry throat. “How do you sleep at night knowing that you left Megan and Sarah behind? If you knew what would happen to them why didn’t you try to save them?”

Sapphire backhanded her and Sue saw stars.

“How dare you!” She growled. “How dare you!” She slapped Sue across the other cheek.

Sue’s cheeks were on fire and one of her extended wear contacts had fallen out of her eye.

That was dumb, Sue! She told herself. Her good eye caught sight of motion behind Sapphire. In the window in the wall behind Sapphire, Sue saw Robert peeking through. She squinted as he made several hand gestures. From what she could gather, it looked like he wanted her to keep Sapphire talking.

Sue tore her gaze from the window before Sapphire noticed and spat back in a hoarse voice, “You’re a coward! If I’m a ‘gender-traitor’ you’re twice as bad!”

Sapphire stood up in a fury and kicked Sue onto her back. “They were casualties of war!” She shrieked. That same erratic pattern of voice, expression, and movement had returned, but Sue continued to antagonize her.

“Ha! Casualties of war? What are you a general now? You couldn’t even ‘rescue’ one service animal right!” Sue rolled aside as Sapphire’s boot came crashing down on the spot where she had been.

Damn! That would have been my ribs!

Sapphire tried to stomp Sue several more times, but each time Sue managed to roll away, but just barely. Finally, Sue hit the wall and could go no further. That's when Sapphire's boot connected. Luckily, for Sue's ribs, it wasn't a solid hit. Still Sue gasped as the air was knocked out of her.

"Okay, put your hands up!" Robert commanded. He was standing at the door of the barn with his gun drawn. "Your friends in the house are already down, so it's just you, sweetheart. Don't try anything..."

Sapphire straightened. "You know, I don't hate you as much as her. You're only a man after all...you're just doing what your disgusting kind does to women..." She looked down at Sue and then over her shoulder at Robert. "Alright, looks like you got me..." She started to raise one of her hands and Sue caught sight of a pistol tucked into her belt.

"Robert!" She croaked. "Look out!"

Sapphire pulled the gun as she spun and shot. Robert ducked and returned fire. Both missed their mark, and both scrambled for cover. Sue darted for cover herself as the two shot back and forth at each other several more times. Not sure what to do during a gunfight, she stayed low and made her way over to Robert.

When she emerged from behind a stack of hay bales, he smiled. "Fancy meeting you here," he whispered. "Got your signal!" He winked.

Sue smiled back ruefully. Then they both heard an engine roar to life. Sue and Robert both peered out from opposite sides of their cover at a large four-wheel-drive-truck with Sapphire behind the wheel. It sped right at them. Robert grabbed Sue around the bare waist and rolled the two of them out of the way as the truck reduced their cover to splinters and straw. It crashed through the door of the barn and sped away.

As the engine sound faded, Sue, still in Robert's arms, looked up at him and licked his neck appreciatively. Sue was lost in the moment, in his taste and

in his scent. She was so happy that she was safe, he was safe, and that the assignment was over.

“Whoa!” Robert laughed. “Down, girl! Down!”

Robert’s voice brought her back to reality. She immediately stopped and crawled backwards until she was off of him and a few feet away.

“So...happy to see me, Ditzzy?” Robert brushed the dirt off his jacket.

Sue curled her lip. It made her angry that he looked so cool and in control even after they’d nearly both been killed. It made her angrier that he had just witnessed her wretched little display of affection.

“Sorry...” She cleared her throat. “No. It’s just force of habit.”

Robert shrugged and called in Sapphire’s vehicle description. Sue lay on her side, exhausted and panting.

It was over.

Part 9: Full Circle

Sue had spent nearly the whole week of vacation she'd been granted after the case in a fog. The sangria bottles were piling up at home and so was her tab at the bar. Congratulations from Mr. Cross and a heartfelt thank you from Cheesecake (before the sitter was reactivated) and from Ryan Polk, her owner, hadn't made Sue feel much better.

Phil, the handler at the kennel, had been declared a city hero. He'd shown up just after the F.E.R.A.L agents had ran off with Sue and Cheesecake and managed to keep about half of the escaped puppy girls from "wandering off" and "getting lost." The others, the news assured, would be recovered soon. Trying to lodge a complaint about him was unthinkable. Besides, as Mr. Cross had told her, "It was part of the job."

Sapphire was still at large, but Renee, the fake receptionist, and six other F.E.R.A.L agents were arrested. Their trial hadn't yet happened, but Sue already knew the verdict. Everyone already knew the verdict.

Sapphire had said that their little kennel stunt was "only the beginning." Sue wondered what they would be up to next. Her dreams about rebelling against the system had gotten even further away, and she wondered if she was even capable of it anymore. Everything suddenly seemed so much more complicated.

She was wrong that no one could see her in the crate when she had her sweaty, guilty amusements. She saw her.

You could have told him. Sue thought to herself as she took a sip from her glass. You could have told him that he'd popped up in your fantasies again and again! You could have just been nice and thanked him for showing up when he did, but you still had to be bitch didn't you?

She finished off her third glass and looked down at her contacts list on her phone. She flipped between four options, her mom, her dad, her sister, and

Robert before shutting off the phone and ordering another glass of sangria in faintly slurred speech.

The End